

15, 1915.—(PART II)  
ER LAWYERS.  
Association Urges Stricter  
Conditions for the Aspiring Attor  
water preparation and increased  
edge of law before admission  
is given in the State of Cal  
committee on legal education  
State Bar Association  
Superior Judge Craig  
conclusion was held in Oakland  
ording to Judge Craig, the  
l general education of law  
was not sufficient to meet  
study of the law itself sufficient  
rough and an amendment to  
a new ruling by the Supreme  
were suggested as remedying  
restriction of attorneys coming  
from other States when  
admitting men to the bar  
may be attempted. The  
of attorneys as much as the  
public which employs them  
a greater guarantee as to the  
of their qualifications for the  
they are doing.

E SHOPLIFTER?  
With Two Thousand Dollars  
Pocket Jailed for Taking Cash  
and Merchandise.  
A. Moran, an elderly man with  
grayed in his pocket, was  
arrested in the Police Court  
on a charge of shoplifting. The  
incident involved less than \$100  
less being cheap handkerchiefs,  
sweaters, and other articles. He  
was charged with the theft of a  
red coat in which a cap and  
was cut for his alleged  
theft. He was also arrested on  
the articles, then sent to  
pass them to her husband,  
appear in the pocket.  
Mr. Moran was also arrested on  
the articles. They were released  
and will appear in court later.

OVERSEAS AFFAIR.  
The British Overseas Club will  
hold a drive and dance on Wed  
evening in the Fraternal Hotel  
& Hall. All Britishers invited.

Managers Sent to Berlin  
Twice Eluded British  
Searchers.  
Santa Claus Says:  
Begin now making Dolly's  
Christmas wardrobe—her hats,  
underclothes, her beautiful  
suits—none a bit too soon.  
(Toys—Fourth Floor)

You  
making  
wardrobe, or maybe you use  
and there's a trousseau to  
get and an expert woman  
ment, and then supervise  
"helps" prepared for your  
Store. Ask about it in our  
(Main Floor)

erges) 59c  
ces of heavy striped serge—  
—about enough for a day's

Cygne, \$1.19  
sh will delight you—  
it equals the quality you  
er Hamburger Silk value.

Crepe, \$1.19  
en why we are selling you  
this. This quality is in  
a black.  
Floor—Today)

Sateen  
ercaline } 20c  
ey should be strong, lady.  
These will hold their shape  
ment you see them. All fashio

Bath Robe } 35c  
—"Beacon"—and the best  
tells the story!—Quality  
pretty patterns, new color

Flannel } 25c  
house dresses, negligee white, etc.  
warm that you will want hat  
winter. Each 50c yard.  
Floor—Today)

k Patterns  
economical. All American  
ome of fashions—the British

a Sewing  
ss Form  
Your Home  
10c additional each week  
and week, 30c third week  
Floor—Today)

Latest Morning Edition  
FRESH NEWS DOWN TO "30."



In Two Parts—20 Pages.  
PART I—TELEGRAPH SHEET—12 PAGES.  
**Times**  
Liberty Under Law—Equal Rights—True Industrial Freedom  
PRICE 2½ CENTS! Delivered to Subscribers  
At All Hotels and on Railway Trains, 3c  
On Streets and News Stands, 1 Cent.

# GEN. VILLA KILLED IN FIGHT, REPORT AT EL PASO.

**SPY PLOT INVOLVED.**  
**Count London Under Suspicion.**  
**Incident of Max Lyner in New York Recalls Theft of Fort Plans.**  
**Man Charged with Bigamy may have been German Agent in United States.**

**GERMANS EXECUTE WOMAN TEACHER.**  
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
LONDON, Oct. 15.—The Foreign Office has been notified by the American Embassy that Miss Edith Cavell, leader of a foreign training school in Brussels, who was arrested August 5 by the German authorities in Brussels, was executed October 13 after sentence of death had been passed upon her.  
It is understood that the charge against Miss Cavell was that she harbored fugitive British and French soldiers and Belgians of military age and had assisted them to escape from Belgium in order to join their colors.

**MEXICAN CHIEF DEAD DECLARES MESSAGE FROM CASAS GRANDES DISTRICT.**  
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
EL PASO (Tex.) Oct. 16.—A report that Gen. Francisco Villa, leader of the northern faction in Mexico, has been killed, was brought to El Paso early today by a Mexican who just arrived from Casas Grandes.  
According to the story, Villa was shot in a fight when disaffection broke out in the Villa army late yesterday. Another report, brought by an American passenger, said that on Friday Villa was being tried by a court-martial and that the trial was still in progress when the train left Casas Grandes.  
The Mexican, who reported the shooting, declared that the trouble arose when the chief called upon one of his alleged bandit comrades for a forced loan. The man was ordered shot, the report continues, when he refused to accede to Villa's demand. Division in the army resulted, it was said, approximately 7000 of the 9000 troops revolting. In a fight that followed, the Mexican said, Villa received mortal wounds.  
The Villa garrison at Juarez tonight was said to be greatly disturbed. The exact nature of conditions there could not be learned, as residents here feared to cross the international bridge. A crowd of persons gathered at the river late last night but little information filtered through. Communication by wire was said to be cut.  
A demand upon Gen. Villa that he resign "for the good of the Mexican nation," made by Gen. Ornelas, is said by Ornelas to be responsible for the latter's flight from Juarez yesterday.  
Villa replied, it was said, with a message to Gen. Medina. Wednesday to go to Juarez and execute Ornelas. The message was intercepted, Ornelas advised, and his flight followed it is said.  
The entire Ornelas administration with a host of clerks and minor appointees of Ornelas, is now in El Paso. Its principals consist of Mayor Luis J. Montfort, commandant of police, Esquivel Morales, chief of secret service, Miguel Pollas and Hector Ramos, head of the secret service department.  
Gen. Medina, in complete military charge of Juarez, tonight prohibited the crossing of Juarez citizens to El Paso unless they were known to be loyal to Villa.  
Soldiers patrolled Juarez tonight and the gambling halls were deserted of Americans.  
Official reports in Juarez tonight state that Gen. Villa has returned to Casas Grandes. It was said that Thursday his march to Sonora was halted by news of the defection of Gen. Ornelas. It was said he would remain at Casas Grandes ready to return to Juarez if needed. Army circles in El Paso received an unconfirmed report tonight that Gen. Villa had been arrested by several of his generals on his return to Casas Grandes today and his court-martial had been ordered. The report was denied by Juarez officials.

**TRENCHES RETAKEN.**  
**German Gains in Rush to Open the Panama Canal Said to be Responsible for the Slides.**  
**British Improve Positions on the Hohenzollern Redoubt in France.**  
**Continued Desperate Fighting Reported from All the Battle Fronts.**  
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
PARIS, Oct. 16, 3:25 a.m.—Italy will send 150,000 men to the Balkans, according to information received by the Excelsior from what the paper says is a reliable source. The government maintains the strictest secrecy as to where the troops will be landed, says the Excelsior's informant, but Italian intervention will take place at a point where it will have a decisive effect on the whole Balkan campaign.  
PARIS, Oct. 15, 10:14 p.m.—An attack in the Champagne region of France to the east of Aubervilliers the Germans have recaptured parts of their former trenches taken recently by the French, according to the official communication issued by the French War Office this evening, while in Lorraine the French have succeeded in recapturing a portion of trenches the Germans had been holding since October 9. The communication says:  
"Bombardments were again violent on both sides during most of the day before. Look at Boisemont and in the vicinity of wood."  
"In Champagne, under cover of the bombardment reported this morning to the east of Aubervilliers, the enemy was able to secure again a footing on a certain portion of his former trenches in the form of a salient in front of the extreme left wing of the positions carried by our recent attacks."  
THE LONDON REVIEW.  
(BY ATLANTIC CABLE AND A. P.)  
LONDON, Oct. 15, 10:15 p.m.—From all the battle fronts, comes news of continued fighting, but from none of them has been received any indication of victories or reverses which would make marked change in the general situation.  
The Austrians, Germans and Bulgarians are proceeding methodically with their invasion of Serbia, according to neutral reports, is costing them a very heavy price in the lives of their soldiers, as the hardened veterans of Serbia are taking every advantage of the difficult country to inflict the greatest possible loss on the invaders.  
The Germans, however, have been able to occupy Pozarevac, southeast of Semendria and claim that their campaign is proceeding according to their plans. The quadruple entente allies are perfecting their preparations to assist the Serbians and every day additional troops are landed at Saloniki, where the French general Sarrail has arrived to take command of the allied forces. What steps Russia and Italy have taken to assist have not yet developed.  
The political situation remains unchanged, Greece having announced that she would not intervene in favor of Serbia, "at present," and Rumania, although she is being urged by Germany definitely to define her position, not having made any move.  
Along the western front there has been heavy fighting in the Artois, Champagne and Vosges regions. Attacks were made by both sides, but the gains and losses are described as being of little importance.  
IN THE EAST.  
In the east the Rumanians have turned to the offensive, in the region of Dynak, and although the Germans claim that they have repulsed most of the Muscovite attacks, they admit that the Rumanians penetrated their line at one point. Excelsior's general statement in this region, things are somewhat calmer in the east, Lieut.-Gen. Ivanov, the Russian commander, after his victory in Galicia and the subsequent check by the Germans, having for the moment shown himself satisfied with what he achieved.  
The Italians again have been on the offensive and claim to have gained some successes against the Austrians. The Austrians, however, deny this statement.  
IN THE BALTIC.  
Outside the Balkan campaign, England is watching with the most interest the operations of her submarines in the Baltic. Here, after having driven the German merchantmen from the sea, they have sunk one and probably two, German torpedo craft—one reported to be a torpedo boat destroyer and the other a torpedo boat—which with other warships had come

**ENGINEER'S BLUNDER BLAMED FOR THE SLIDES.**  
**Dredges Working Night and Day in Mad Effort to Clear a Passage, but Many Months May Elapse Before Vessels Can Again Make the Short Trip from the Atlantic to the Pacific.**  
BY EDWARD B. CLARK.  
(BY DIRECT WIRE—EXCLUSIVE DISPATCH.)  
WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE TIMES, Oct. 15.—Officials of the Navy Department are awake to the fact that the slides in the Panama Canal are likely to affect the matter of the preparedness of this country to meet possible war conditions on either coast.  
Every official in Washington seemingly is worried over the recurring slides in the cut, and is on the edge of a panic of gloom because Gen. Goethals gives no definite promise concerning the time when traffic can be resumed. According to the most hopeful authorities it will not be possible to open the canal to navigation earlier than the middle of November. Gen. Goethals has named November 1 as the date on which the slide may be removed; but its extent has been so increased by the pressure of the earth waves far below the canal banks that it is now believed to be enough to tax all the dredging facilities at the command of the canal organization.  
Since the slide occurred the dredging fleet has been working night and day with three shifts of men, and some extraordinary records for excavation have been made. The dredge Parado has made off 17,185 yards in twenty-four hours, the highest record ever made on the canal. Before this the dredge Gamboa had made the highest record with 12,545 yards.  
NEW DREDGE AWAITED.  
The new fifty-yard dipper dredge, the Canadon, which left Philadelphia September 27, is expected to arrive at Colon the last of this month, and will join the fleet of dredgers at Colon at once. In September the fleet dredged from the cut 1,529,586 yards, 57 per cent. greater than the largest amount of work done in any month of the present year. There is therefore a prospect that the delay will be no longer than a month.  
At the latest accounts there were eighty-three vessels tied up in the canal waiting to get through. Of these forty-five were at Gatun Lake, and represented a tonnage of 167,000, and thirty-eight were at Balboa, with a tonnage of 189,000.  
Several engineers have given it as their opinion that the slides will continue with more or less severity for the next three years. There is hope that in three years the district will have adjusted itself and that the bottom and sides of the channel will be

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Mr. Gerard told the representatives of the plan that he was in his opinion not in a position to make any such arrangement, but that he would refer the matter to the State Department.

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"The Dutch government's regulations," says the correspondent, "forbid the telegraphing to England of any warning unless the Zeppelins actually pass over Dutch territory or territorial waters. When they are only seen from the coast over the high seas all telegrams are detained six hours, sufficient time to make a friendly warning to England impossible."  
"Therefore, when going west, the Zeppelins are careful to keep outside of Dutch limits, showing plainly that they can do so if they wish. But in returning no penalty attaches to a violation of Dutch neutrality. Therefore, homeward-bound airships exhibit a total disregard of territorial limits. Today they flew inside the Dutch northern islands. The Netherlands' government wisely avoids anything likely to provoke a rupture with Germany, but the feeling of the Dutch people is intensely bitter."  
London's whole system of protective darkening against Zeppelin attacks is wrong and should be replaced by a lavish system of searchlights, making the city one vast carpet of light, according to C. G. Grey, a widely known aviation expert, writing in the Express. The best way to prevent an air raider from doing serious work, Mr. Grey says, is to blind him with a glare of light.  
"For this reason," declares the writer, "the proposed plan of sending up aeroplanes at night to attack Zeppelins is ridiculous because until the Zeppelin is lit up by searchlights the aeroplane cannot find it and then as soon as the aeroplane rises above the Zeppelin it drops bombs it gets into the beam of the searchlight and the pilot is made helpless by the glare. One hears much about night aeroplane patrols over Paris, but they are chiefly to compose the minds of the people and the real protection of Paris is a ring of searchlights completely inclosing the city."

**GREEKS RESERVES SAIL FOR HOME.**  
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NEW YORK, Oct. 15.—The Greek steamer Vasilissa Constantino, carrying 2500 Greek reservists, sailed today for Piraeus after having been delayed three days at the quarantine station, as the result, officials of the steamship line stated, of a difference between the company and the Greek government as to the amount to be paid for the passage of the reservists.

**ARMY OF HALF-MILLION PROGRAMME OF DEFENSE.**  
(BY A. P. NIGHT WIRE.)  
WASHINGTON, Oct. 15.—The administration programme for national defense to be recommended to the forthcoming session of Congress, proposing a total expenditure on the army and navy next year of about \$400,000,000, was practically completed tonight. Secretary Garrison's plan, approved by the President, calls for an increase of \$75,000,000 in the War Department's annual appropriation to be used for augmenting the regular army to 140,000 men and the creation of a new continental army of 400,000 men, which together with the militia of 125,000 would give the United States a military force in time of need of 665,000.  
Approval also was given today to the proposal of Secretary Daniels and the General Board of the navy to a five-year naval construction programme to cost \$500,000,000 giving the navy ten new dreadnaughts and six battle cruisers, two dreadnaughts, twenty-five submarines, twelve destroyers and three scout ships.  
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## ROADS DISAGREE

## OVER SWITCHING.

## RIVERSIDE WANTS IMPROVED

## TRAFFIC CONDITIONS

## IN ITS VARIOUS.

## [LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

## RIVERSIDE, Oct. 15.—Represent-

## atives of the Salt Lake and Southern

## Pacific railroads have disagreed over

## the feasibility of the suggestion made

## to the directors of the Chamber of

## Commerce in regard to establishing

## switching arrangements between the

## two roads and the Santa Fe, with a

## view to encouraging manufacturing in-

## dustries.

## J. H. Burton of the Salt Lake

## championed the proposal and J. R.

## Dowling, representing the Southern Pa-

## cific, as vigorously dissented, stating

## that such an arrangement would cost

## his company \$30,000 and would neces-

## sitate keeping a switch engine in the

## Southern Pacific yards here constantly.

## The Salt Lake's representative

## argued that it is absurd to take care

## of Colton to switch the cars from the

## road to another, and expressed the

## opinion that if the matter were taken

## up with the Railroad Commission an

## order would probably issue for an

## interchange of cars at this point.

## The matter was referred to the Ex-

## ecutive committee of the chamber for

## investigation.

## The suit of F. C. Corrington, Chief

## of Police, against A. Hansen for

## damages for the amount of \$25,000,

## was dismissed by a stipulation of at-

## torneys in the Superior Court. The

## suit was filed January 28 and had its

## origin in a communication printed in

## a local paper hinting at attempted

## bribery on the part of Chief Corrington.

## It is stated in the stipulation

## that an amicable understanding had

## been reached. It is understood that

## Hansen will make a public retraction

## of the charges made.

## PLANNING COMMISSION.

## Mayor Ford has announced the ap-

## pointment of members of the City

## Planning Commission, recently created

## by ordinance. Benjamin Ide Wheeler,

## president of the University of Califor-

## nia, has accepted appointment as one

## of the out-of-town members of the

## commission. The other appointments

## comprise Councilman M. A. Strickler,

## W. B. Clancy, Prof. A. N. Wheelock

## and C. W. Hickok. The first meeting

## will be held as soon as President

## Wheeler can be in the city.

## With the organization of the River-

## side Mutual Orange Company it is

## learned that the mutual orange dis-

## tributors are to enter this field the

## coming season. The new concern is

## organized with John L. Bishop of High-

## grove as president; E. T. Wall, vice-

## president; A. McDermott, treasurer,

## and George C. Cole, secretary and

## manager.

## SANTA MONICA

## FLOWER SHOW.

## WOMAN'S CLUB AWARDS PRIZES

## FOR BEST BLOOMS

## ON EXHIBIT.

## [LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

## SANTA MONICA, Oct. 15.—Closing

## with a big ball tonight which marks

## Long Beach.

## FIRE LAST SHOT

## IN DAMAGE SUIT.

## Long Beach Defense All in

## on Big Disaster.

## Business Block Planned by

## Veteran Promoter.

## Governor Slips into Town

## with Little Fuss.

## [LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

## LONG BEACH, Oct. 15.—City At-

## torney Hoodenpyl and associate coun-

## sel for the municipality today fired

## their last shot in the battle between

## the sufferers in the auditorium dis-

## aster of May, 1913, and the city over

## about \$3,000,000 which is asked as

## damages by relatives of those who lost

## their lives and those who were in-

## jured. The claim of the city officials

## that the decision of the Superior Court

## which gave judgment to Eugene

## Chaffor for the death of his wife.

## It is not expected by the city offi-

## cials that the decision of the Su-

## preme Court over the appeal will be

## rendered before the end of two

## months. The claim of the city

## officials that the municipality did

## not have jurisdiction over the struc-

## ture, the approach to which saved in

## the Supreme Court decision against

## the city, it is probable that the city

## will carry the cases no further.

## BUSINESS BLOCK.

## W. L. Porterfield, whose name has

## been connected with many building

## projects which got into the "plan"

## stage, is said finally to have

## secured a business arrangement

## whereby a story building is to

## be begun in ten days on Ocean

## avenue and Hart court, to cost \$50,

## 000. A Los Angeles architect is in

## charge of the project. The new concern

## is organized with John L. Bishop of High-

## grove as president; E. T. Wall, vice-

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## [LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.]

## SANTA MONICA, Oct. 15.—Closing

## with a big ball tonight which marks

## the opening of the social season here,

## the annual crysanthemum show of the

## Santa Monica Bay Women's Club

## ended a successful two-day exhibit.

## The contests were open to both am-

## ateur and commercial florists. The

## show was a source of much attraction

## and was well attended. Awards were

## given out as follows:

## Chrysanthemums, best three white

## —Mrs. L. Hickson, first; Mrs. Cald-

## cott, second; Best three yellow—Mrs.

## Caldcott, first; Mrs. Hickson, second.

## Best three red blooms—Mrs. Hickson,

## first; Mrs. J. J. Davis, second. Best

## individual white bloom—Mrs. Hick-

## son, first; Mrs. Caldcott, second. Mrs.

## Caldcott also won first place for the

## best pink bloom, the best yellow, and

## Mrs. Hickson for the best variegated

## blooms. Mrs. Caldcott's white bloom

## was judged the best in the show.

## Mrs. R. C. Jenkins won first for

## PRIZE BABIES

## AT SANTA ANA.

## WINNER TAKES ANOTHER PRIZE

## AFTER GETTING FIRST AT











### General News of the Local Religious Field.

# Go to C

*Within this generation California will have the new relationship between the Original and the New in this direction.*

*This State and this city have always had kept pace fairly with our material progress. It depends for its ultimate test of character on the quality of its character.*

*Every thinking and patriotic citizen should make it his duty to support and effort the aim of improving the city.*

*It would be a great thing if the serious thought to the constructive side of the problem, to challenge the faith of any man who would deny the need of its true mission to the community with its church, needs, now.*

Within this generation California will be recognized as one of the most important centers of development in the world. This State is to be the hub of the new relationship between the Orient, South America and Europe. The financial, commercial and industrial activities of the United States will increasingly move in this direction.

This State and this city have been gifted with men of unusual initiative and constructive ability in business affairs. Our educational advancement has kept pace fairly with our material progress. Beneath all the superstructure of material prosperity, and mental culture, every nation and community depends for its ultimate test of character and progress upon the ethical and religious standards of its people.

Every thinking and patriotic man and woman ought therefore to give encouragement to every church or moral agency which has in its programme and effort the aim of improving the inner character and outer morals of the people.

It would be a great thing if the men of affairs, who are doing so much on broad lines for the material improvement of this country, would give serious thought to the constructive side of the church's life. I do not plead for any particular church or creed. There is enough of truth and good in all of them to challenge the faith of any man for his own uplift. No man can be at his best unless he is building spiritual character; and no church can fulfill its true mission to the community without the encouragement and co-operation of the best men of the community. Civilization needs the church, and the church needs you.

EDGERTON SHORE.

**THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH**  
**REV. WM. MORACE DAY, D.D., PASTOR,**  
 Hope Street  
 near Ninth.

on broad lines for the material improvement of any particular church or creed. The

Mrs. Melvania Merrill, speaker. Subject, "INSPIRATION." Sunday-school 9:30 a.m.  
Healing Meeting is held every Thursday evening at the Home of Truth, 1301 West  
Ninth street. All welcome.

At the 11 o'clock mass in the morning at St. Mathias's Church the rector will preach on the text, "Man"

will be answered tomorrow morning by Dr. N. I. Rubinkam of Chicago in his talk to the members of the Uni-

"My name is Mrs. Ethel Ross," sobbed the despairing woman as Mr.

square, and Ladies' Social League, at  
No. 111 West Third street. Dancing  
will follow.

**STOP MASS**  
 (BY ATLANTIC OCEAN)  
 LONDON, Oct. 15—  
 e power that the

...A. MOTT ST. 4

ROADWAY.

WANTED—SUS-  
ment. Bapt.  
Hollywood. P



**Furnished Rooms.**

—HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS \$1.75, \$2.00 each; hot water, bath, 548 E. PICO.

—WESTLAKE DISTRICT. TWO NICELY d rooms. 724 CORCORAN ST.

—HOTEL ALAN, 286 E. SECOND, STRICTLY. Nice lobby. \$2 per week.

**Unfurnished Rooms.**

—THREE NICE HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS with lawn, yard, garage, water, electricity. All for \$15 month. Close in. LL. ST., near Washington.

—3 LARGE CONNECTING SUNNY ROOMS,  
n. suitable for dreamaker or musician.

---

—11—  
Housekeeping Rooms, Furnished and  
Unfurnished.  
—\$12.50. TWO FURNISHED HOUSEKEEP-  
ing, one single room, one paid. 1350 LOS  
ST. Phone Main 1408.

—TWO HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS, NICH  
and rear yard. 144 W. GEND ST., be-  
tween and Main. Cheap to adults.

—3 FURNISHED ROOMS FOR HOUSE-  
KEEPING. 8TH ST.

**Furnished Flats.**

**B-REATIFUL FLATS WITH INDIVIDUAL**  
bathrooms, new heating, electric hot water  
heat, giving the occupants a high-class  
home.  
Located on the northwest corner of  
New Hampshire and Madison street,  
district. Ninth-street car line. Large,  
bright rooms; large closets; beautiful  
showers, tile drainabaths, beautiful de-  
corating scheme. See agent's card.  
Those in Los Angeles Vacuum cleaners  
and vacuuming service. See agent's card.

**C-FURNISHED AND UNFURNISHED COUN-**  
tertop, new 8-room flat in beautiful  
modern building, white plumbing, elec-  
tric showers and tile baths; sleek floors  
hardwood floors throughout. Large  
living area ranges, reduced price on one  
month. See them today. Nothing better  
in the city.

**D-5 ROOM UPPER AND 6 ROOM LOWER**  
FLORISTS' BUILDING, modern kitchen,  
convenient to business center. \$30 and  
\$40 per month. Call only. Key at 1829  
E. Phone 72572

**E-MODERN 2 ROOM FLAT, TWO BATH-**  
ROOMS, kitchen, refrigerator, central  
heating or would rent for \$12.00. Also new  
refrigerator. Two beds, \$30. \$12 &  
E. Phone 34671

**F-WHY PAY CAR PARK? 6 ROOM LOWER**  
corner corner Hill and Fort Moore, oppo-  
site school. Large rooms very convenient.  
Phone owner, M. E. HILLIS, 1087A,  
Hillside.

**G-FREE TO NOVEMBER 1 ON YEAR**  
Lease. ED. LARSEN, 1000 W. 1st  
street, floor furnaces heat, woodstone  
heating, modern and home like water  
for less. Call FRANK J. KILPATRICK,  
3000 FIDUCIARY.

**H-THREE NICE HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS**  
with bath, with lawn, yard, garage, wa-  
ter, electricity. All for \$15 month. Come in.  
See agent, 1727 West Washington.

**I-THE ELEGANT FOUR-BEDROOM FLAT**  
on 11th and 12th streets. Call 4255  
or Mrs. Monetta car to 42nd st.

**VERY COMPLETE 5-ROOM FLAT**  
and yard north of Hollywood blvd.  
Bermont and Western. PHONE F3156, MAIN

**LOWER 5-ROOM MODERN FLAT. REA-**  
rent. 1539 CAMERON, off Union. West  
d. car. Phone 27087 or 51127.

**5-ROOM UNFURNISHED COTTAGE FLAT.**  
of clean, in good condition. Call between  
1. 1020 BLAINE ST. No children.

**5-4-ROOM FLATS. JUST FINISHED.**

1841 ALBANY, leaving  
 the West Adams district, Phone 17280.  
 1841 ALBANY AVE.  
 —TWO ROOM UPPER AND LOWER UPPER FLY  
 PLAT, at 915 S. Riverside St. Rent \$22.50  
 smart. 1119 S.W. REGD. 11845.  
 1178.  
 —ONE MONTH PRIZE RENT, WEST  
 corner, new 5000 sq. ft. 5000 sq.  
 garage, 3010 Raymond ave., or 810  
 WILSON, LUGAR 17280.  
 —A 4-ROOM MODERN FLAT, \$20.00. GAR  
 carrolling heat, gas heater, 810  
 garage, or 810  
 Wilshire 1878.  
 —MODERN 4-ROOM FLAT, DISPOSE  
 all latest conveniences, 5000 sq.  
 ft. C. F. FORD, 522 Hollingsworth  
 400. 800. F7500.  
 —MODERN 4-ROOM FLAT SUITABLE FOR  
 waiting date. \$35. Phone 51022.  
 1461.  
 —FOUR-ROOM UPPER TWO BEIN  
 clean, three car lines, 5000 sq.  
 ft. 17280.  
 —NEAR COUNTRY CLUB 4 AND 5-  
 room, \$12 to 200. RUSEY INVESTMENT  
 Billard Block, Phone 42784.  
 —UPPER UPPER AND LOWER UPPER  
 flat, garage if wanted. Call 50088.  
 1841 ALBANY AVE.  
 —NEARLY NEW 4-ROOM LOWER SEEN  
 down in every particular. Garage. 4811  
 ALBANY AVE. Phone 17280.  
 —BEAUTIFUL SUNNY 6-ROOM UPPER  
 garage, hardwood floors, sleeping por-  
 ches, smart.  
 —COMMODIOUS, SUNNY 4-ROOM; RAN-  
 tion. Reasonable. 430 MAGNOLIA.  
 —UNFINISHED SUNNY SIX-ROOM FLAT,  
 porch down, 5000 sq. ft. 5000 sq.  
 garage, 3010 Raymond ave., or 810  
 WILSON, LUGAR 17280.  
 —UNFINISHED FIVE-ROOM FIRST-  
 FLOOR, 5000 sq. ft. 5000 sq.

at 225 N. GRAND AVE.  
—LOWER FLAT, 5 ROOMS AND BATH.  
F. FLOWER ST. 72092.

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**ET—**  
**Furnished Flats.**

---

—T-ROOM FLAT, SECOND STORY. PRIME-  
location, extra well furnished; 5 beds  
to right party, which will include heat,  
gas and electricity. An exceptionally  
home inspection invited day or evening.  
—BUNDLE ST. West Ninth st. cor.

---

—UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT & LARGE

beds, furnished or unfurnished; rooms  
 bath, room heated. ROYAL COURT, MIAMI  
 5424.  
 —FURNISHED NEW MODERN 4-ROOM  
 apartment, bath, tile, central heat,  
 tile, closets, shod. \$22.50 Adults. QUIT  
 AT ONCE.  
 —VERY CHOICE FIVE-ROOM ELEGANTLY  
 furnished in best part of Hollywood. All im-  
 proved. Large tiled bath. Call WEST  
 1474. OWNER MORGAN PLACE. PHONE 55015.  
 504.  
 —OUR HOME, NICELY FURNISHED. 5  
 rooms, fine plans and new hard oak  
 floors. Nicely decorated. Call WEST  
 1159 or visit 704.  
 —FURNISHED FLAT, COANER UNION AV.  
 14th st., 3 rooms, 2 beds, very clean; fur-  
 niture good. Call 25503, or call at  
 home. \$35 per month. 504.  
 —FURNISHED FLAT, 2 ROOMS, BATH,  
 tile, central kitchen, central heat, tile  
 floors, call 417 E. 37th ST.  
 —10154 DENVER AVE. 5-ROOM LOWER  
 level flat including kitchen, tile, central  
 heat, 3 beds. PHONE 54801.  
 —FURNISHED 4-ROOM FLAT, 10th  
 and Stock, dismounting beds and one bath  
 in or without rent. 1156 WEST 18th  
 ST. 504.  
 —ONE OF THE PRETTIEST 4-ROOM KITCH-  
 en, tile, central heat in the city. 3  
 beds; hardwood floors, formal oil furni-  
 ture, tile, central heat, tile, tile. 504.  
 —UNFURNISHED 5-ROOM FLAT, WALK-  
 ing distance, Low rent. 630 SIXTH ST. PHOENIX  
 504.  
 —LOWER FLAT, 2 OR 3 ROOMS, WELLS  
 and suitable for 4 or 5 people; phone,  
 bath, tile, central heat, tile, tile. 504.

—FURNISHED 3 ROOM FLAT, TWENTY-  
dollars. New MRS. RICHARDS, 1210 E.  
BRAE. Phone 20902, or 20458.

—2 FLATS 2 and 3 REFIN. NICELY FUR-  
NISH. 4222 N. 100th S. VERMONT. 1375 W.  
1384.

—1 ROOM FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED  
1500 Madison Ave. S.W. 15th. TIME

—FURNISHED FIVE-ROOM FLAT, PIANO,  
distance. 552 E. FREMONT.

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**ET—**

**Apartments Furnished.**

---

LOBBAN APTS.  
1020 W. EIGHTH ST.  
Modern, well furnished, quiet.

—MODERN double apartment in steam-heated  
N. Lincoln, fine, private place, close to  
shops. Call 5-0051. 150511

—REFINED YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED  
to share double, heated \$30 apartment.  
Detailed references exchanged. WILLIAM  
BROWN.

—KINGDALE APARTMENTS—  
Offered, elegantly furnished, a most fa-  
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First-class, 5 minutes' walk from Fifth and  
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apartments, 2 and 3 rooms. \$20 to \$40  
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rooms, bath; adults; also garage. QED W.  
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**SEWING MACHINES**  
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WHEAT PIT  
IS EXCITED

W. IS EXCITED

**PRICES FLUCTUATE THREE CENTS AT THE OPENING.**

Reports that Attempts to Open the Dardanelles may be Abandoned are said to have added to Bullishness. The Closing is Nearly Two Cents Up—Open strong.

(BY A. P. MOUNT WHEAT)

**CHICAGO, Oct. 15.**—Significance that Great Britain and France may abandon the attempt to force the Dardanelles resulted today in a quick advance in wheat values here. The market closed unsettled, but 1½ to 2½¢ net higher, with December at 1.68, May at 1.65½, Corn raised 50¢ to 1½, and cote 1½ to 1½¢ 1/4. The 15, and cote 17½ to 70 lower. Much business trading was witnessed in the

heat pit, especially during the first  
5 minutes at the start. Some of the  
... of nearly

CLOSING PRICES  
Dec. 1, 1.08; May, 1.07 1/2.

December, 59 1/2; May, 60 1/2. Oats, December, 39 1/2; May, 39 1/2. oPrk, December, 15.00; January, 17.50. Lard, No-

[illegible]

...some activity not only  
part of the weavers, but also  
some yarn spinners."

[illegible]

calves, 7.75@11.50.	beifers,	2,000
steady; with	Sheep,	2,000

1575, cows and heifers,	3.00
1576, 1577, 1580, Sheep,	2.00
1578, wethers, 600#	1.50
<b>Alfalfa, 100 Stacks.</b>	
1579, A. N. Night Wine,	2.50
<b>SAN ANTONIO, Tex.</b>	
1580, Coalinga Mohave, 99	2.00
1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, Illinois	2.00
1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 1654, 1655, 1656, 1657, 1658, 1659, 1660, 1661, 1662, 1663, 1664, 1665, 1666, 1667, 1668, 1669, 1670, 1671, 1672, 1673, 1674, 1675, 1676, 1677, 1678, 1679, 1680, 1681, 1682, 1683, 1684, 1685, 1686, 1687, 1688, 1689, 1690, 1691, 1692, 1693, 1694, 1695, 1696, 1697, 1698, 1699, 1700, 1701, 1702, 1703, 1704, 1705, 1706, 1707, 1708, 1709, 1710, 1711, 1712, 1713, 1714, 1715, 1716, 1717, 1718, 1719, 1720, 1721, 1722, 1723, 1724, 1725, 1726, 1727, 1728, 1729, 1730, 1731, 1732, 1733, 1734, 1735, 1736, 1737, 1738, 1739, 1740, 1741, 1742, 1743, 1744, 1745, 1746, 1747, 1748, 1749, 1750, 1751, 1752, 1753, 1754, 1755, 1756, 1757, 1758, 1759, 1760, 1761, 1762, 1763, 1764, 1765, 1766, 1767, 1768, 1769, 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, 1774, 1775, 1776, 1777, 1778, 1779, 1780, 1781, 1782, 1783, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787, 1788, 1789, 1790, 1791, 1792, 1793, 1794, 1795, 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, 1803, 1804, 1805, 1806, 1807, 1808, 1809, 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, 1816, 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820, 1821, 1822, 1823, 1824, 1825, 1826, 1827, 1828, 1829, 1830, 1831, 1832, 1833, 1834, 1835, 1836, 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, 1841, 1842, 1843, 1844, 1845, 1846, 1847, 1848, 1849, 1850, 1851, 1852, 1853, 1854, 1855, 1856, 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, 1862, 1863, 1864, 1865, 1866, 1867, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871, 1872, 1873, 1874, 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878, 1879, 1880, 1881, 1882, 1883, 1884, 1885, 1886, 1887, 1888, 1889, 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905, 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, 1910, 1911, 1912, 1913, 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921, 1922, 1923, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927, 1928, 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932, 1933, 1934, 1935, 1936, 1937, 1938, 1939, 1940, 1941, 1942, 1943, 1944, 1945, 1946, 1947, 1948, 1949, 1950, 1951, 1952, 1953, 1954, 1955, 1956, 1957, 1958, 1959, 1960, 1961, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217,	

mid-  
demand

144 strict mid- MINNE  
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 sales 324 bales; to fair. 12.75;  
 delivered on contract, 800  
 of market, quiet. 1.82@1.85.











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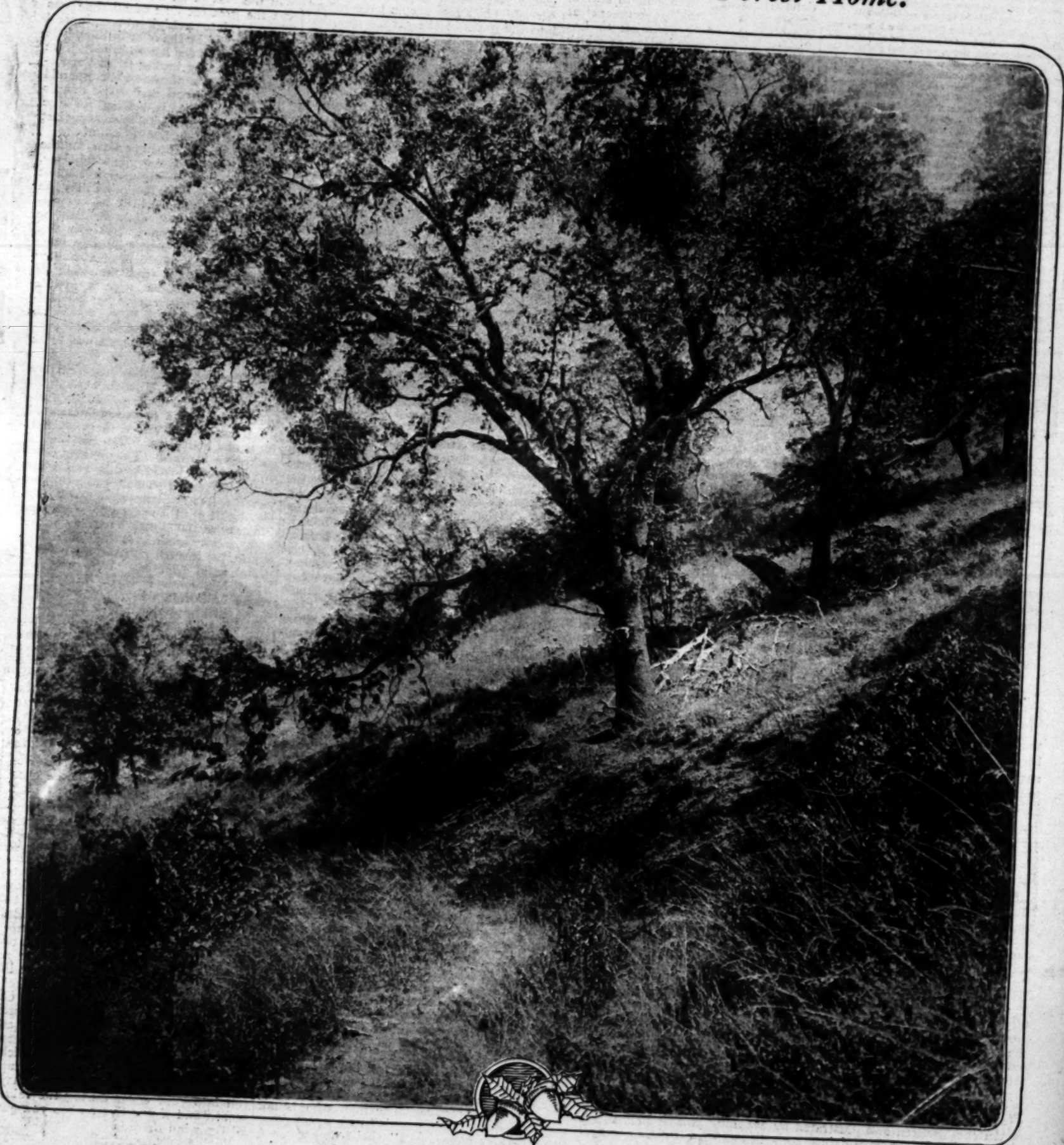
In result-getting...  
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powers of Aladdin's...  
50c "Stanford"  
Chocolates, 20c lb.  
—Or in 1-lb. boxes, 25c.

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California weather is no  
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Los Angeles Times  
**Illustrated Weekly**  
TEN CENTS. THE UNIQUE MAGAZINE OF THE SENSUOUS SOUTHWEST 1781-1915

*Oak Trees on Pipe Line Trail Near Forest Home.*



[Photo by G. E. Schmidt]



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Prices

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the most favored color  
Main Floor—Today)

\$3.00—will bear out  
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## BULBS!

Our stock of all bulbs is now ready for delivery. Early orders have already been filled. Our stock this season is by all odds the finest we ever imported. They have come through a little later than last year but in ample time for Fall planting. If you have not already purchased your supply for the ensuing season we cordially invite you to call and inspect our stock. If you want bulbs that are good bulbs and which will give you results, we have them.

### A First Size Daffodil Bulb



#### DAFFODILS

**Daffodil Emperor**—Giant trumpet Daffodil. Deep rich yellow. Unsurpassed as a cut flower.  
**Daffodil Empress**—Identical in every respect with Emperor except color, perianth being white, while trumpet is a full rich yellow.  
**Daffodil Madam Flomp**—A grand Daffodil with pure white perianth and golden yellow trumpet. Flowers carried erect on stiff stems.  
**Daffodil Orange Phoenix**—White and orange. Double as a Camellia and not unlike it in shape.  
**Daffodil Princeps Maximus**—Perianth pale yellow. Cup deep yellow.  
**Daffodil Poeticus Ornatus**—Poet's Daffodil. Flowers white with the cup rimmed deep red.  
**Daffodil Barri Conspicuous**—Flowers large, perianth soft yellow, cup edged with orange scarlet. A beautiful thing.  
**Daffodil Bicolor Victoria**—Very large. A beautiful two-color daffodil. Creamy white and clear, rich yellow.  
**Daffodil Campenelle**—Magnificent. A dainty, medium size flower. Rich golden yellow.  
**Daffodil Golden Spur**—One of the earliest pure yellow trumpet daffodils. Comes in a few weeks before Emperor and Empress and lengthens the flowering period of these plants materially.  
**Daffodil Sulphur Phoenix**—Immense double flowers similar to Orange Phoenix, but a lovely soft sulphur yellow color.  
Price on any of the above varieties, strong, first size bulbs, per doz., 50c. Per hundred, \$3.50.

## BULBS!

### A First Size Hyacinth Bulb



#### A SPLENDID LOT OF HYACINTHS

**Alba Superbissima**—A grand pure white.  
**Charles Dickens**, Blue—Porcelain blue with deeper tints.  
**Charles Dickens**, Pink—Large spikes, soft rose color.  
**Gertrude**—Deep pink. Extra fine for bedding purposes.  
**Grandeur A Neville**—An exquisite shade of bluish white.  
**Grand Malire**—Pure porcelain blue.  
**La Fyrouse**—Light blue. Elegant large spikes.  
**Norma**—Beautiful coral pink shade.  
**Robt. Steiger**—Deep rich rose. Very fine.  
**King of the Yellows**—Exquisite pure yellow variety.  
Price of any of the above varieties, 12c each; \$1.50 per doz.

#### Note

Our monthly bulletin for October was delayed until we could form an opinion of the quality of our imported stock. This bulletin has been mailed to all our regular customers. It is replete with cultural notes and other data pertaining to suitable plants for Autumn planting. It is a publication you cannot afford to be without. If you have not received a copy write for it.

## BULBS!

### A First Size Darwin Tulip Bulb

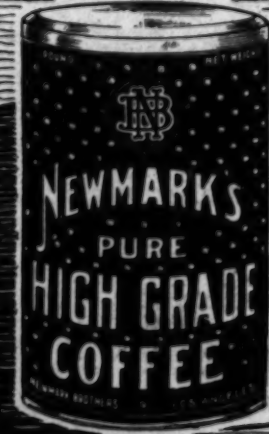


#### SOME GOOD TULIPS

The following list contains the varieties which do well in this climate. They produce enormous sized flowers on stems 18 inches to 2 feet long. Having made exhaustive tests to determine the best varieties for this section we can unhesitatingly recommend the varieties below.  
**Bouton D'Or**—Richest golden yellow. Immense blooms on long stems.  
**Gemmeriana Lutea**—A splendid variety for cutting. Stems long. Color paler than Bouton d'Or.  
**Gemmeriana Spathulata**—Rich crimson scarlet with blue-black center.  
**Gemmeriana Rosen**—Rosy carmine with black center.  
**Isabella**—Deep rich pink. Very large flowered.  
**Gemmeriana Alba Ornata**—Rich crimson scarlet with highly contrasting white eye.  
**Parisian Yellow**—A beautiful lemon-colored bloom.  
Price of any of the above varieties, strong bulbs which will surely bloom—Per doz., 50c; per hundred, \$3.50.

**Howard & Smith**  
9th & OLIVE ST'S LOS ANGELES  
NURSERIES, MONTEBELLO  
MAIN 1745-10957

# ONLY THE BEST IS WORTH IMITATING



—now for  
**"Coffee Week"**

For nation-wide Coffee Week—one week only, your grocer will sell Ben Hur Coffee at a special price. A Coffee of strength, quality, flavor and without chaff or dust. Ask your grocer this week.

### Ben-Hur Steel-Cut Coffee at Special Prices.

One	1 lb. Tin	35c	October 18 to 24
Week	2½ lb. Tin	82c	
Only	3 lb. Tin	95c	

Note the saving you make when you buy the larger tins. Worth-while—isn't it?

Joannes Bros. Company, Importers, Roasters, Manufacturers, Los Angeles.



See Special Announcement on Page 3, Part II.



# The Last of His Race.

By Eugene Brown.

Illustrated Weekly  
(THE TIMES MAGAZINE)

Established Dec. 5, 1897. Reconstructed Jan. 6, 1912;  
Jan. 4, 1913; May 31, 1913; March 27, 1915.

## OBJECTS, SCOPE AND AIMS.

Devoted to the development of California and the Great Southwest, the exploitation of their marvelous natural resources and the word-painting of their wonders and beauties. Popular descriptive sketches, solid articles strong in fact, statement and information; brilliant editorials, correspondence, poetry and pictures: the Home, the Garden, the Farm, and the Range.

Not partisan-political in character or affiliation. It is an independent weekly which of personal thought, exploitation and description; a journal of views, opinions and convictions; the steady champion of Liberty, Law and Freedom in the Industries, holding up the hands of all good men and women, without distinction, who are honestly seeking to better their condition in life and to serve the cause of Home, Country and Civilization.

California in tone and color; Southwestern in scope and character, with the flavor of the land and of the sea, the mountains, canyons, slopes, valleys and plains of the "Land of Heart's Desire."

The Illustrated Weekly is delivered to all subscribers of the Sunday Times—more than 100,000 in number—and being complete in itself, is also served separate and apart from The Times news sheets when desired. Advertising rates based on circulation. Write or ask for them.

The Illustrated Weekly is under the editorial direction of HARRISON GRAY OTIS, and is published by THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, New Times Building. Price, with the Sunday Times, \$3.50 a year; without, \$2.00 a year in advance, post-paid. Single copies mailed free on request.

A handsome present to a distant friend is a yearly mail subscription to the Sunday Times, including the Illustrated Weekly (or 52 copies of each) or even a quarterly mail subscription to both (13 copies of each) costing only \$1.00, post-paid. An extra copy of the Weekly will be sent to any separate address, post-paid, for 65 cents additional, or 6 months for \$1.50 additional, in advance.

To Contributors: In submitting matter for publication, you are advised to retain copies of your writings. Manuscripts accompanied by postage will be returned if not found available; otherwise the return is not guaranteed.

Entered as second-class matter, January 6, 1912, at Los Angeles (Cal.) P. O., under Act of March 3, 1879.



Average Week-end Output, exceeding 100,000.

## THE CITY AND THE COAST.

FOR some two weeks, Los Angeles has had as a guest, Mr. William Spear, the veteran editor of the Arizona Republican at Phoenix. That newspaper was purchased during the Progressive hysteria and went over to the heretics, but Mr. Spear remained the same capable and conscientious newspaper workman.

FOURTEEN miles of the road connecting the Palo Verde Valley with the Santa Fe at Blythe Junction has been laid. The man who saw the richness and promise of that luxuriant section a few years ago and who was content to face the temporary inconvenience of living there, will now receive an abundant reward.

GOV. CANTU of Baja California announces that no additional tax will be levied on cotton other than the \$1.00 per bale of internal revenue tariff which is now in force. Thus does this sensible executive give to Americans another proof of his good will.

THERE is a man at Crafton who in three months has captured over fifty swarms of wild bees. Crafton would do well to go extensively into the honey business if the bees just naturally take to the community in this fashion.

SOME day Californians are going to be proud to own a beautiful book of sketches written and illustrated by Sara Moore. These same dainty morsels of literature now appear in the Los Angeles Times at frequent intervals.

## Conclusive Arguments.

REPARATION to resist aggression on the part of any foreign nation is to be the American policy in the future more than in the past. The majority of the people are in favor of it, and naturally under such circumstances all politicians in all parties, with few exceptions, are in favor of it.

Among other things, the Federal government is casting about for the best location in which to establish a new naval base. Of course it will be on the Pacific Ocean somewhere. The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, always wide awake to the interests of the community and to the interests of the country, has taken time by the forelock in passing a series of resolutions which have been sent to several departments of the government at Washington calling attention to Los Angeles as the proper place at which this new naval base should be established. We quote with full indorsement and with unequivocal commendation the following from this series of resolutions:

"Los Angeles harbor possesses harbor lands and facilities," says the resolution, "for wharfage, dockage and slips sufficient to accommodate the commerce of Liverpool and Antwerp combined. It affords safe anchorage for the combined fleets of all the nations of the world, in all kinds of weather. It has been dredged to a depth to accommodate vessels of the deepest draft."

It is also pointed out that work on harbor fortification is already under way; that the city is the terminus of many transcontinental railroads and steamship lines plying to all parts of the world, and that there is a sufficient supply of fuel oil, at minimum cost, for the use of the entire United States Navy.

"Southern California is a principality in itself," say the resolutions, "easily defended, hemmed in by mountains and the ocean. The logical center of this principality is the city of Los Angeles, for naval and military operations, and would surely be the principal point at which an enemy would strike in Southern California, as the fall of Los Angeles would involve of necessity the fall of the balance of Southern California."

"Troops in Los Angeles could, by the several transcontinental railroad lines and boulevards, be rushed northward and concentrated at San Francisco within twelve hours. They could be rushed to Los Angeles harbor, loaded on transports and landed anywhere on the California or west Mexican coast. There is a short rail communication to the lower California line. Los Angeles is within less than twenty-four hours' rail communication with the southeastern California border and the Arizona line."

"The unequalled climate of Southern California and the topographical conditions surrounding the city of Los Angeles afford a field for military and naval maneuvers nowhere else excelled. Los Angeles is one of the five natural locations for troops and the base for naval operations, the other four being Seattle, Portland, San Francisco and Monterey, the four last named now having army posts and naval bases."

Los Angeles is not only the largest city in America on the Pacific Coast, but it is surrounded by a territory growing dense in population and immensely in wealth. As the resolutions say, surrounded as it is by mountains and comparatively small in area, it is very easily fortified so as to defend it against all foreign invasion or aggression. At the same time, without some preparation to resist invasion, this region, so populous, so rich in all wealth, is exceedingly exposed and would be an easy prey to a hostile fleet bringing an invading army.

Another point in favor of Los Angeles for this naval base and for a mili-

tary establishment, too, is that the distance across the continent is less than at any other point, with lower gradients and more ample railroad communication than any other city on the Coast possesses. It is also the nearest harbor of large dimensions in the country to the mouth of the Panama Canal. This makes it the ideal place for a naval and military establishment, as troops and ships could be rushed from here not only to other points on the Coast but across the continent and to the mouth of the canal.

## A Boon to the State.

THE two expositions now in full swing in the State of California are undoubtedly destined to benefit the whole State in an inestimable degree. Already 12,000,000 people have passed into the gates of the great exposition at San Francisco. The railroads inform the people that the bookings at the present time going on in the East and the Middle West indicate that by the time the exposition gates close, as the year 1915 closes, the total entrances will number 20,000,000. A great many of those coming between now and the end of December will be farmers from the Middle West, who, having harvested immense crops, are forehanded and full-pocketed, with money to burn or throw to the birds if they would, but which they prefer to spend to visit the Golden State, the land of heart's desire to all people, which they have been wanting to see for years and now will not let the temptation pass to fulfill their heart's desire.

The benefit of this sort of tourist to the State is beyond the power of the imagination to foretell. These tourists will come from many rich plains, from many beautiful dells, from the banks of full streams, from wheat fields and corn fields, from pasture lands, and from great, prosperous cities. But no matter how fair the scenes of their present homes, no Californian will for a moment discount by a fraction of 1 per cent. the spell our great State will exercise over the minds of these millions of visitors. The farther east the visitors come from the more potent will be the spell cast upon their minds by what they see in California. There is still elbow room and cubic-air breathing space in the West where people can put their arms akimbo without thrusting their elbows into the stomachs of their neighbors. There is still in the West agricultural land of great fertility to be had at moderate figures. In the cities of the West, too, the population is not so overcrowded that a young man of ability and energy finds every opening to a livelihood closed by some fellow ahead of him, and every avenue to employment lined with a crowd pressing eagerly forward to see who will get the job.

At the East lands never were so fertile as at the West, and the fertility is more exhausted in from one to three or four hundred years of tillage. There is where the great influx of European immigrants hit the country and stick. There every door to opportunity is occupied by some broad-shouldered competitor just ahead of the fellow seeking a job, and every avenue leading to remunerative employment is crowded by an army eager to grab every crumb of opportunity in highway or bypath.

California, with the most fertile plains, the richest mines, and the greatest natural wealth in every way of any State in the Union, has about the sparsest population of all. Of course there are some doors of opportunity here already closed by somebody ahead of the newcomer, and some avenues to employment are more than crowded with seekers after a job, but to the man with brawn and brain, initiative and courage, the State opens her arms to welcome him with a cordiality that is impressive. The man who is not afraid of soiling his hands or breaking his finger nails, the fellow not too proud to don overalls and an old hat

and tackle a hard, dirty job, can always find employment in California. The farmer with skill in his occupation and not afraid to work will find here richer soils than where he came from, no matter where that is, brighter skies above him and gentler airs about him.

California has never failed to exercise her spell on any newcomer, and all her charms are still in the full bloom of youth.

## The Highbrow Homes.

ONE of the loveliest of all known out-door pastimes is that of selecting a site for a hillside home.

You simply have to have a home somewhere and, as the Cockney would say: Why not 'ave a 'andsome 'ome on a 'ill.

In the best of all books we are told that the greatest One of all time was taken up into a high mountain and there tempted by the offer of the whole inspiring expanse before him. Here the genial realty broker takes the visitor to the brow of one of the emerald hills of Hollywood and there reveals to him the majestic setting for the homes that nestle like jewels against the breast of this lovely suburb.

Doubtless the stranger falls for the picture—for it is an appealing one. The tireless real estate man will admit that he works like the devil, but he doesn't look like one. Still, he is something of a tempter and the bait he uses is a hillside home. The dream of the average man is that he may some day be rich enough to have a country estate in the hills—a little shack of twenty-seven rooms with a marble bath. There, surrounded by his children and a bunch of blooded rabbits, he will fold his arms in blissful insouciance and from his eyrie watch the world go by.

It is certain that the lofty sites are beloved of many. Hills that could not be raffled off in Chicago or Philadelphia command a premium here—and there are dead loads of them at that. In most American cities the rugged rocks are disliked. The average idea of a perfectly lovely city is one as flat as the proverbial pancake; so level that water will not run off—it will just stand still until it soaks up. Yet from the days of Babel men have sought the high places for their habitations. The mountains furnish most of the natural grandeur of America. Who wouldn't be a Highlander? Here in picturesque California where the scenery is quite thickly studded with hills most folk have taken very kindly to them. Wise men have taken and dressed them up and then disposed of them at an enlarged and alluring profit. One thoughtful person bagged a nice green knoll for some four thousand dollars, put up a ten-thousand-dollar house and now is about to sell it for sixty thousand dollars. It seems to be worth it, at that.

But once acquired, a hill home sometimes falls on a man. When he goes home it seems a good deal like taking a stepladder to go to bed. The head of the house is fairly well winded when he completes the ascent to his domain and he is not inclined to wander around much of nights. He, in fact, becomes quite well domesticated. The difficulty he has in carrying a load up the slope condemns him to a life of comparative sobriety. A man with a twelve-dollar jag trying to negotiate a path carrying an elevation of forty-five degrees furnishes quite a thrilling spectacle. Sometimes it is difficult to get water, gas and other public necessities piped to some of these high-brow homes. The pressure is insufficient and if the place catches fire about all the owner can do is to stand around in his nightie and watch it burn down. If you live half way up a hill the water from above you may run into your cellar during the rainy season and if you live on top you get all the wind there is in the world.

But drawbacks will be found every-



*Picking the Winner.* By Harold Playter.

31



*By Eugene Brown.*

being shot to pieces in the present war and that without the animals doing any of their old-time battle stunts. No more do we hear of the awesome, terrific, but inspiring cavalry charge in which horse breasted horse in clash and conflict. Now the horse is chiefly used for drawing certain types of artillery, and he forms the principal target for the enemy's fire. It is said that the average life of a steed on the battle front is four days. This seems to be a war of extermination so far as the horse is concerned—and it was no war of his making at that. Whether he is at the service of German Uhlan or English artilleryman his fate is the same. He is mere cannon fodder. He is but so much more meat for the buzzards and man may not even get the benefit of his hide for the leather industry.

And so he passes on.

Likewise the finely-trained and highly-polished animals of the fire departments, whose magnificent charges through the thoroughfares furnished many boyhood thrills, are disappearing. The new-fangled machine covers what would have been impossible distances in impossible time and does not make as much commotion as the horse-drawn apparatus at that.

So long, Bucephalus.  
Even on the farm the faithful and plodding steed is no more a necessity. The successful rancher has his traction engine and his family auto and between them the business and pleasure of farm life are encompassed with scant consideration of the former service of the horse—which might have had to pull a plow all week and a buggy all Sunday.

Good-by, horse.

If the average man of today were to go forth to purchase a horse—which he won't, he would probably aberrate a trifle in his mind. He would forget himself and ask for a high-powered animal of the 1916 model—one that drank gasoline and had a self-starter. He would want a regular spark plug in fact.

But the last thoroughbred of his race should be of importance for exhibition purposes.

Turkish alliance which, though it could afford little military aid, served to divert a large force of British, Canadian, Indian and Russian soldiers—the very flower of those armies—from the Teutonic borders, and send them on unsuccessful expeditions to distant Asiatic shores.

Thus far the allies have lost tens of thousands of their best soldiers and many costly warships and are still keeping them in the unavailing struggle, while Germany and Austria left the Turkish situation to take care of itself. If the British and Russians had disregarded Turkey and concentrated all their forces on the western and eastern battle fronts of Germany and Austria, there might have been an entirely different phase of the war today.

The Turkish expeditions of the allies, involving immense sacrifices of life and treasure, have been absolutely unfruitful. Even the Turks are feeling boastful over their prolonged and successful resistance of British men and arms.

Santa Barbara has a beauty that few cities can boast, but it has also had plenty of time in which to beautify itself. It happens to have been started in 1603, when it was christened by a Spanish voyager who left it in the undisputed possession of the Indians until 1769, when the Franciscan Fathers and the early Spaniards made it a link in the new chain of California cities.

We never rejoice over other people's misfortunes, but every time a blizzard strikes the East, a cyclone tears its way through the South or a tidal wave sweeps the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, we cannot help thanking Heaven that Southern California is not as other places.

The fair up north has cleared a half-million dollars up to date. It would be interesting to see California tried out on a proposition of this kind some year when there was no war in Europe nor hard times on this side of the world.

We don't quite see the point in barring freshman co-eds from dramatics at Stanford, unless there was a fear that the youngsters would show up in too good form.

### From a Bermudian Study.

Although my study windows look  
On slopes which start from where I stand  
Like pictures from a different book  
The views which they command.

That to the north is bleak and brown  
From scanty earth and biting spray  
And gales which beat stout cedars down,  
Stripping the cliffs to gray.

Sear grass and prickly pear and sage  
Clutch where they can this arid shore;  
The somber sea casts up in rage  
Weed from its rocky floor.

But oh, the vista to the south—  
So smiling, can it paint the truth?  
Sweetness to melt a bitter mouth  
And flood the heart with youth:

A poinciana's fairy crown  
Of ferny green bestarred with red,  
And clematis in bridal gown  
With roses for a bed:

Water so golden blue, so calm,  
It glows a dreaming mermaid's pool,  
Merged with pink sand and many a palm  
With purple shadows cool.

Like pictures from a different book;  
Yet how securely bound in one;  
For do not both my windows look  
Upon the selfsame sun?  
—[Richard Butler Glaenser, in Boston  
Transcript.

## The War and After.

**T**HE following reflections are to be confined to the immediate effects on the business of the United States growing out of the great international conflict now raging in Europe, and what the effects are likely to be when the war is over.

Upon American business interests the war has had the effect of great stimulation. Not in all branches directly, but in many branches so emphatically that nearly all branches are indirectly benefited by the business brought through the war. Had it not been for this stimulus to business the Underwood tariff bill passed by the party in power in Washington would have been most disastrous upon American industries.

At the moment, from every quarter comes cheering news of the effect that war orders are having on the industries of the country generally. There is one barometer of business unailing as the mercury is in the weather or as the thermometer is in indicating the temperature. We refer to bank clearings for the country generally. For the week ended September 30, as reported by Bradstreet's, the aggregate clearances of the country were more than \$4,000,000,000, compared with a little less than \$3,500,000,000 in the previous week, and comparing startlingly with a little more than \$2,500,000,000 in the corresponding week a year ago. At the present time under normal conditions the bank clearings of the country should run to quite or nearly the figure for the last week in September. They have not done so a single week, if we remember right, since the Underwood tariff bill went into effect.

For the same week Dun's Review reported that many industries were

pushed to their limits to fill their orders. From Pittsburgh came the report that the industries in that district showed that the October pay roll would be \$32,000,000. The largest preceding for a month in recent years was in October, 1911, when the aggregate for the same banks was \$26,000,000. Bradstreet's on September 24, reported retail trade all over the country as being exceedingly brisk. These are the effects upon the industries of the country at the present time.

For the future it is difficult to speak clearly, but the consensus of opinion among the great bankers, business men and statesmen of the country is that it is sure to raise interest rates on money very materially. At the present time this is not the effect of the war upon American business, but nearly the entire contrary. The great influx of gold piling up money in the country has had the effect of raising prices on speculative stocks, and unless checked in some way will surely raise prices on real estate and on everything else where values are not kept down by some contrary influence. Speculative stocks that sold a year ago at \$26 per share on the Stock Exchange in New York have jumped to \$400 per share. This has alarmed the financiers of the country, who have taken steps to check this unhealthy advance in prices of such stocks, lest it be followed by a general collapse. The way they are doing this is by demanding 100 per cent. increase in the margins put up on stock deals.

But when the war ceases and the business of the world reverts to its usual channels, that interest rates will be high is doubted by no person competent to judge. How could it be otherwise with Great Britain and France borrowing in this country half a billion dollars on such terms that it cost those governments 5½ per cent. per annum? This is nearly twice the usual price paid by those countries on their national debts.

What effect will dearer money have upon the industries of the country? It will tend to keep down the price of real estate first and most. Its tendency will be also to check expansion in railroad building and in the setting up of new industrial plants, indeed, to check every forward movement.

Of course there are other influences to offset this, and between the two contending forces it would be unwise to attempt to strike a balance. We have the largest crops of grain of nearly every kind ever harvested in the country, and with higher prices than average ruling for these the money wealth of the people will be astonishingly increased. There is the sum in arithmetic facing every business man in the country with not sufficient data to solve it satisfactorily. It will be well not to be too pessimistic and just as well not to be too optimistic. The wise business man will take a middle course, not hesitating too much to branch out but certain not to overreach himself.

## Germany and Turkey.

**I**F WE cast a backward glance over the military events of the past year, we arrive at some surprising conclusions. In order to appreciate the full effect of the Turkish alliance with the Teutonic powers we must remember that the former friendship of Great Britain with Turkey was the result of a common fear of the expansion of the Russian power, and a common desire to curb its ambition by preventing the access of Russian fleets to the Mediterranean Sea and the further development of its naval armament.

To that end Turkey was advised to strengthen her fortifications along the Dardanelles and the best engineering skill of the British Admiralty was placed at her service. Thus her fortifications on the heights commanding the narrow strait became practically impregnable. It was a shrewd piece of strategy for Germany to secure the



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## Picking the Winner. By Harold Playter.

## TEAM WORK.

"A NY news of Phil Benson, Dad?" Dorothy Newton, having locked the kitchen and dismissed Juanita for the night, came out into the courtyard, speeded up the electric fan and sat down to the windward of her father's cigar. The tepid artificial breeze rippled her brown hair comfortingly, sent a faint suggestion of coolness through her white dress and held at bay a cloud of angry mosquitoes.

"God bless the man who invented electricity," she sighed, without awaiting a reply—knowing what it would be.

"Amen," grunted her father. "No; no news of Phil."

A Mexican moon—a nocturnal sun—beat down through the trellised roses in white-hot patches of light upon the cement floor; upon the languishing flower beds; upon the dilapidated fountain with its parching mockery of cracked basin and dry stem; upon the girl's upturned face, white and drawn by heat and worry. Even the still shadows seemed to palpitate.

In the near distance a stamp mill roared its challenge to the night's languor; the ore buckets of an aerial tramway clattered overhead; upon the adobe wall inclosing the garden, a nightingale perched in full-throated defiance of the world's sadness; in front of the house, Felipe, the gardener, whispered hoarsely to Juanita—of the revolution, of the "patriots" slaughtered yesterday by Gen. Contreras—then softly strummed his guitar and crooned "La Golondrina."

Dorothy closed her eyes wearily.

"He can't make it, can he, Dad? He can't reach the frontier without a horse or arms or money?"

"I'm afraid not, Dot."

Suddenly the girl straightened in her chair.

"Look here, Dad; I haven't heard the straight of all this yet. I haven't seen Phil or Harry since Moreno entered camp last week, and the other boys all beat about the bush when I question them. And since yesterday's trouble, you've hardly spoken to me. I know, Phil was mixed up with the revolutionists, but just what did he do, and—was Harry implicated—does Gen. Contreras suspect Harry, too?"

Mr. Newton's white-ducked figure stirred uneasily.

"I've been very busy," he hedged. "Contreras promised an escort for the bullion train next week, and the manager is pushing us for a large tonnage so as to make a big shipment. I didn't come home at noon because of an accident in number one shaft, and on top of that we had a cave-in which blocked the connection with the old south workings. I wanted to get some of that reserve ore and told Harry to replace a few timbers in the drift, and because we were short of men he very foolishly tried to do the work alone, with the result that he nearly got caught under—"

"Was he hurt?" interrupted the girl, anxiously.

"Not much—mashed his hand a little."

"Oh," she shuddered, then compressed her lips. "Now tell me about the other matter."

Her father frowned, rumbled his white hair, took a deep breath of resignation.

"I grant you," he finally began, with apparent irrelevance, "that Phil's zeal was highly irrational and dangerous, and that Harry was right in trying to curb it. As soon as Moreno's shoeless liberators had entered camp, Phil went about among the Mexicans urging them to join the self-styled 'colonel' and talking with white enthusiasm of the imminent 'freedom' of Mexico. Every Federal sympathizer in camp had him spotted, and, of course, such talk puts all Americans in bad with the powers that be, but—"

—and Mr. Newton's fist came down hard on the arm of his chair—"whatever Phil's faults, he was ready to back his words with action. In yesterday's fight he not only gave money and ammunition to the revolutionists but, as soon as he had stopped his mill, he crawled behind that big rock above the mill and began plugging at Contreras's shaven-pollid convicts as they came down the west hill—Lord, what travesties of soldiers those dirty pelones are. What representatives of law and order—and he is credited with having dropped several of them. Why, Contreras says he could have driven Moreno out two hours earlier if it

hadn't been for that one rifle." And Mr. Newton paused to reflect admiringly upon the excellence of that long-range shooting.

"Yes, yes?" said the girl, impatiently.

"Well, after Contreras had made good his occupation yesterday afternoon, he swore he would make an example of this filibustering Gringo if it forced Uncle Sam to send a warship down here by rail, so, while he was hanging a few Mexican sympathizers with the 'cause,' he sent an officer with a squad of pelones to take Phil dead or alive. Phil had been hiding in his mill ore bin with one of his own converts, but about dusk he slipped across to the mess house, which had already been searched. This left the convert with waning enthusiasm, and feeling hungry, so he went to Contreras and earned a square meal, a government rifle and a feeling of virtue by revealing Phil's whereabouts."

Mr. Newton slowly relighted his cigar and looked about him as if longing for an interruption. But his daughter's relentless eyes never left his face. Reluctantly he proceeded with the most distasteful part of his narrative.

"Harry's room adjoins Jimmy Frazer's at the mess house. When Jimmy went to his room after dinner, he heard Harry and Phil talking excitedly beyond the connecting door. Harry's electric fan was buzzing so that Jimmy couldn't hear all that was said, but he heard enough—heard Phil beg Harry for ammunition and some money, and heard Harry swear and refuse and tell Phil to clear out. Jimmy was indignant. He began rummaging in his trunk, and called out to Phil that he'd fix him up; then he heard a shuffling outside and glanced out his front window to see those pelones slouching through the gate. There was no time for money or guns. Jimmy rushed into the next room, and Phil barely had time to jump out the back window before the pelones surrounded the house."

The old man puffed gloomily at his cigar. "Well?" prompted Dorothy.

"That's all; that's the last we've heard of Phil."

"What did Harry say?"

"What could he say? He took refuge behind what he calls the principle of the thing. Said he'd done his best to keep his friend out of this mess and, having failed, that Phil was no longer his friend. Said that, fond as he was of Phil, he felt that he had no right to involve the other Americans—especially the women—by giving aid to a soldier of fortune."

The girl wrinkled her brow perplexedly. "Did you get that, also, from the scatter-brained Jimmy Frazer?"

"No; I got it straight from Harry himself."

She was pensive for some moments; then a queer little smile touched her lips.

"How stupid men are," she remarked tritely. And presently: "Dad, you have never concealed your dislike for Harry, but you have never told me just why you don't want me to marry him."

Her father's canvas chair creaked again, as he squirmed uncomfortably.

"You're of age, Dot, and—"

"Yes, yes, I know; you're an old dear, and you've always let me have my own way, but if there's any real reason—"

The old man interrupted irritably:

"Oh, there's nothing tangibly wrong with him. In fact, he's always right. Even his treatment of Phil is abstract justice, and has taken a certain kind of courage. I can't rant around and forbid the banns when the man has exemplary habits, saves his money and is palpably devoted to you. But—"

he hesitated.

"Well?"

"Dot"—his voice softened—"of course you don't know how much you are like your mother." He threw his cigar away. "I don't want you to make the same mistake that she made."

The girl silently drew her chair closer and laid her hand over his.

"This mating business is a queer thing, Dot. Of course, nobody has discovered a better guide than love, but you girls of imagination and creative energy need strong mates, and yet seem to have very little knack for picking the winners. Boys leaving college are greatly alike as to exteriors, and your superior intelligence seems to

be of no use in choosing; you just—well, you just fall in love. That's what your mother did. And I will say for myself that she was happy for two years. Even down here she was content until your birth, when a combination of malaria and an inefficient doctor, sent her to the greater contentment."

"But, Dad, dear, you can't blame yourself—"

"No, no; don't misunderstand me; I'm not thinking so much of her death as what her life would have been had she lived. Twenty-four years ago, Dot, I started in here as surveyor and assistant mine boss—just where Harry is today—and in those twenty-four years I have only taken one step up."

"You are not fair to yourself, Dad. Even with a motherless child on your hands, you have vindicated mother's faith, and you are false to her memory when you imply that things would not have been different if she had lived. It takes two to make a team, doesn't it, Dad?"

"Team work is all very well, child, but the game of life isn't like those doubles at tennis, which you and Harry always win as partners; it's more like the singles which he frequently loses. You can encourage, but you can't play the game for him. Harry spoke to me the other day about you, and, although I said you would make your own choice, I answered him in substantially the same words I have just used. It was brutal, and I hated to hurt him, but I don't want you to live through twenty-four years of malaria, manana, mosquitoes and monotony with nothing to do but watch Harry step from assistant to the exalted post of superintendent."

"But Harry has ambition and ability—I've often heard you praise his work."

"Yes, and I praise old Timoteo for the way he sweeps out the office, but I'm scared to death that real ambition will enter old Tim's soul—he knows just how to sweep that office. Harry lacks the spark, Dot; he's a plodder, and there's always a cave-in of some kind when a plodder's routine is disturbed. His blocking that drift means that tomorrow, and for a week, we've got to get that reserve ore out through the old tunnel on the other side of the hill and pack it around on mules. And all because this trouble over Phil has sent Harry's wits wool gathering and wilted his backbone. He's all cut up, because the boys have practically ostracized him—and it serves him right."

"I'm not so sure of that."

"But, Dorothy, you don't justify his refusal to help Phil?"

"I don't believe he did refuse."

"But he told me so, and Jimmy Frazer heard—"

"I don't care what Jimmy heard—Jimmy has only his big ears to hear with, and, apparently, he thinks with them, too. And I know there is something behind what Harry told you—I'm not so ready as the rest of you to believe that he would desert his friend."

The girl's voice trembled. Mr. Newton drew her into his lap.

"I didn't want to tell you this, Dot; but you had to know some time. You're worn out; we'll say no more about it now. Listen to that nightingale—Isn't he a wonder?"

But the nightingale suddenly flew from his perch in affright, as a man's head appeared above the rear wall of the garden.



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A slender, wiry figure followed the head and dropped into the garden's shadows.

"Mr. Newton! Dorothy!" came a cautious whisper from behind the oleanders. "Don't speak or move—Felipe and Juanita may hear you. I'm Phil Benson. Harry's been hiding me in the old south workings—that's why he caved in the drift. But it's time I was moving—especially if you're going to use the old tunnel tomorrow. I wanted to clear out last night but Harry wouldn't let me—made me wait until the hue-and-cry was over and he could get me a horse. He's waiting with the horse and supplies out on the road now, but I wouldn't go until I'd told you why he's kept mum—he was afraid of Jimmy's loose tongue. I'm mighty sorry I caused all this trouble. Adios."

He scrambled back over the wall. For a long time the old man and the girl were silent.

The stamp mill clattered and thundered; Felipe's guitar twanged a merrier tune; the nightingale came back and again sent forth his blithe challenge.

"But why on earth didn't Harry tell me?" puzzled Mr. Newton at length.

The girl laughed happily.

"What were those brutal words in which you answered his request for me? 'Team work is all very well, but—' Harry won this game of singles, Dad."

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These beautiful October days this century-old boy has negotiated a sale of his holdings at Burbank at about a round million dollars. Much of this is as good land as the entire holdings of Mr. Stough are worth. The entire holdings of Mr. Stough are worth about 6000 acres. Some of the holdings have followed this story with anything new. Southern California for a generation or more that it is difficult to astonish those who have followed this story with anything new. P ROGRESS has been so much the order of the day and so generally so in the marvelous development.

# California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

[Saturday, October 16, 1915]



**L**IFE in the Eagle tribe is very simple, in the human race very complicated. In most things earthly there are advantages and disadvantages. Not in all. For example, a boil on the end of one's nose or on the muscle known to anatomists as the gluteus maximus, has never been found to have any advantage to the person visited by the affliction.

In the Eagle's life, perhaps the simplest of all things is his home and the activities that center there. His acerie is his kingdom, his nest all his earthly possessions. The nest is the cradle of his nestlings, the home of his family, and the school of his youngsters.

Now that, friends, is what the Eagle would talk to you this morning about—education in his tribe and in your race. The nest is the Eagle's school, the parents are the teachers, and the instruction is very elementary and very simple. It consists of lessons in aviation and in capturing prey for food. These lessons learned, the young Eagle is turned out of the nest to take care of himself, find an acerie for his own family, mate and build a nest, and repeat the process world without end.

Education in the human race is one of the most complicated things in your existence. The higher the being in the scale of life the longer the period of tuition. A fly lays its eggs in a bit of carrion and goes away neglectful of its offspring. Get up a little higher in the scale of being and it requires some weeks or months of parental care to bring the young to a condition capable of taking care of themselves.

Reading of such an unexpected event. More than thirty years ago there was quite a part of speculation in Adelphi Valley lands. To try to develop homes. Most of these were venture some pioneers went there to try to develop homes. Most of these were venture some pioneers went there to try to develop homes.

Here is one of the disadvantages of the complicated human life, in that the home is not the school, nor are the parents the teachers. You have schools of many grades and many names, and many of your offspring have to be sent away to get what you call "a finished education." Human knowledge is an exceedingly complex thing, and requires years of patient study to acquire the amount necessary and desirable for the young man or the young woman. The disadvantages of getting this wonderfully complicated education are that it takes your young boys and girls away from the home, from under the parental eye, where they are not led by the parental hand, nor admonished by the parental voice. You have great teachers among you, professors of wonderful acquirements, and most of them, we will say, honest and earnest. But they lack the warmth of love that springs up in the mother's heart for her offspring, and the deep affection that the father has for his children.

If there is any place on earth in human life where corrupting influences multiply and poison the young life of your offspring more than in the schools, that place has escaped the Eagle's eye. There are things done in your universities that are not only a disgrace to Christian religion, but to any form of faith ever professed by human kind, things that disgrace civilization worse than the acts of barbarians and show that the best of you are only veneered from the original savage. The Eagle has heard of things at some of your universities more cruel in their intention and practice than beasts are ever guilty of. He has heard of things so degrading that if they happened in the Eagle tribe the whole Eagle family would blush so crimson that it would set fire to their feathers and burn them naked as September Morn or as Aristotle's example of Plato's definition of a man. You have schools of all kinds where not

naval science is required, and others where military tactics are the main substance of instruction. This is equipping your sons to be mere fighting animals, and one doesn't expect too much effeminate refinement among soldiers or sailors. A little bit of hard treatment bordering closely on cruelty might be expected in these schools, but in the name of humanity and of civilization, why carry hazing to such an extreme that it endangers the reason of the victim, and often undermines his health, making him a physical wreck for all the rest of his life? That is what has been taking place at your naval school at Annapolis recently, and it is a thing not unknown in the history of your military school at West Point.

But when these things happen in your literary and scientific colleges, in your universities where young men and women are educated presumably to be ladies and gentlemen, then the Eagle's heart pities you humans in spite of your headship over creation, and your kingdom over all the beasts of the field, over all the birds of the air and all the fishes of the sea. Here is a young boy or girl raised properly in a good American family, where refinement prevails, where the children are surrounded by the love of the mother and the affection of the father. The boy or girl is refined, kindly, in a word a highly-civilized being with a great deal of self-respect among other things. Perhaps the boy or girl has never had a blow in his life, nor suffered any great humiliation.

They are sent to one of your great schools, where a thousand or more other young men and women are gathered together, some from families like that the Eagle has described above, some from families less refined. It is a great melting pot, such a school, and very often the fires burn very fiercely, consuming not only the dross in some of the coarser natures, but actually burning up the good metal in the best specimens of the race. There are golden-hearted boys and girls sent to these universities from correct homes, and every particle of noble metal in their hearts and souls is burned out by the too-fierce fires under the melting pot.

These beautiful October days this century-old boy has negotiated a sale of his holdings at Burbank at about a round million dollars. Much of this is as good land as the entire holdings of Mr. Stough are worth. The entire holdings of Mr. Stough are worth about 6000 acres. Some of the holdings have followed this story with anything new. Southern California for a generation or more that it is difficult to astonish those who have followed this story with anything new. P ROGRESS has been so much the order of the day and so generally so in the marvelous development.

In the same institution this year a solitary boy was taken miles away from the school in the dead of the night, stripped to the skin, then flagellated with rods, abused in gross language, cursed, and told to get home the best way he could. It was daylight when he was let go, and he had to walk miles through the open country without a stitch of clothing on him. Another boy in the same school was so cruelly treated that he had to be taken to the infirmary, and, if you please, his parents were presented with a very heavy bill for doctor's attendance, medical supplies and a nurse.

The Eagle is mighty glad that he belongs to a race different from the human race, where life is simpler, education less exacting, and had under the family roof-tree or in the family nest under the wings of the parents. The Eagle is of the opinion that the authorities ought to take cognizance of the acts at that university and suppress them or it.

Yours,



**W**ELL, brother and sister, how much do you know about the anti-party law, upon which we are to give our intelligent vote on October 26? Remember, it is our collective brains that will be saddled with the responsibility for this measure—the fourth of its kind upon which we have been called to give our wise decision in the last six years. The other three guesses were evidently a bit out—and they cost us an awful lot in hard cash. Costly little experiments—and not very amusing. I amused myself by talking about this consuming proposition everywhere I went during the week—and made myself a thorough nuisance. No man likes to show how little he knows. But I should say that not 1 per cent. of the voters have any clear idea of the thing. It was easy to convert anyone to my way of thinking, so many of my friends obviously breathed a sigh of relief to have someone settle the matter for them. When next they are confronted with the question they will quote me wholesale, with or without acknowledgments.

The most frequent answer I received to a direct question was, "Oh, what's it all about, anyway?" I patiently began from the very beginning and blush with pride at the enlightenment I must have distributed among the last few days.

But, you see, if the other side had got hold of them first, it would have been just the same. They were just waiting for a guide, any old guide, so long as he could put up a glib talk.

But this, you know, is the free will of the

people being freely exercised, a great intelligent democracy governing itself. How easy would be the way of the dictator, if he had a little tact. It is not half as difficult for a man to crown himself emperor as it sounds. Given an oily diplomatic tongue, it should be a comfortable walkover.

Is is a little sad to think that all the big issues really lay in the hands of the unintelligent vote after all. Everything depends upon catching your voter early and coaching him successfully. Make up his mind for him and he will do the rest. A depressing thought.

## Short and Sweet.

**B**UT let's get down to something we all understand. A bright young woman informed me the other day that she had observed that women—the busy women, with something more than society to interest them—were rapidly coming round to the masculine point of view in the matter of little flirtations.

"I can't quite understand," she said, "how it vexes a man to have a woman want to continue a flirtation exactly where it left off the next time she sees him. He can feel frivolous and flirtatious the night before, and simply bubble pretty compliments and admiration, but he has comfortably dismissed the whole thing from his mind next morning and is pleasantly occupied with the business of life. If she makes the awful mistake of ringing up on the phone in coy mood, on the assumption that he still has her and her charms in mind, he promptly considers her a nuisance and murmurs something about silly women. Well, we busy women feel just like that, too. We relax after business hours and sip our flirtations wherever they offer—quite a delightful way of spending a pleasant evening—but in the cold, industrious light of next day, we have banished the young man and all his wiles from our thoughts. But he can't always realize this dreadful feminine innovation, and if he happens to have a little time and the mood for frivolous flirtatiousness, nothing is so lamentably disconcerting as to have her remark coldly that she is rather busy now and he had better ring up again later. It is really funny to get that gasp of amazement, that incredible

snort, over the wire. How dare we? That has been one of his dear prerogatives and he has the whole weight of tradition behind him in leading him to expect us to be ready and waiting—especially if we have given him any previous encouragement—whenver his mood tends our way. The dear silly."

Now, you know, this sort of thing coming at a time when we are in for a masculine dress-up campaign, and distinctly saucy new styles, does not augur well for our dignity. We can't allow it. A very dangerous trend. It is far more important that they respect us than that we respect them. When we gave them the vote and numerous other privileges, we were very worried for fear we should not be able to respect them quite so charmingly as we did before. But we never contemplated anything as awful as this. At present, the thing may not be very prevalent, we can still find a damsel or two who will be graciously gratified to hear from us whenever we feel in complimentary mood, but don't forget it is the fashion for the daughters of the average families nowadays to take up a career, anything from department store to law, and if this sort of economic interest breeds that unfortunate indifference to our attentions, what are we going to do about it?

We shall have to cultivate a reserve and modesty—ugh! We shall have them jeering at us for dressing ourselves up to attract their attention soon, of being slaves to style, and little homilies will appear in a column devoted to men, advising us upon the sort of men women like, and general instructions for our proper deportment. And if we ignore the silly advice, we shall have them rebuking us editorially for a painfully brazen and conspicuous line of conduct. Oh, it's a shame!

## The Passion for Nakedness.

**T**HE Panama-Pacific Exposition started it—artistic nakedness supreme and Anthony Comstock be blowed. As a witty correspondent of mine remarks, after all, the naked truth is but the bare facts of the case. And we are right down to bare facts this year. One saw the very nicest Kansas families purchasing dozens of picture post cards of the artistic nudities of the exposition to send home to nice, modest

families for their culture's sake, and seventeen orders for copies of one of the very nakedest statues in the grounds that made at least one sculptor happy and rich.

Then we have the Grecian and classic dance phase, which is surpassing the tango and other clothed improprieties, and Los Angeles harbors Ruth St. Denis and her spouse, who daily tutor numerous society maidens in the graceful art of dancing esthetically in a chemise.

And the vogue has even got to golf, for the latest trophy for which all the Pacific golf clubs are to compete is called "The Master Golfer," and is the large sculptured figure of a perfect man, strictly in the nude, wielding a driver.

Art insists upon the necessity for nakedness, and we must all appreciate art or be forever included in that fatal "common herd." It looks so very natural to see a golfing devotee swinging his driver in the nude—cultured appreciation quivers with soulful delight as it gazes upon "realism" if this order. Those little statuettes of Charlie Chaplin would surely make a larger appeal to artistic minds if they were only more realistic—undraped.

It will certainly prove a more satisfactory art collection if sport champions are henceforth to win naked statuettes of exponents of the game (we can't help seeing a distinct likeness to Hugo Johnstone in the golf trophy aforementioned) and we may soon look for a statuette of Maurice McLoughlin in the nude as the contested and coveted trophy for the next tennis championship.

Indeed, if the approved taste for the nude is logically consummated, it should be the style to have all the portraits in the nude at no distant date—and those painful family photographs, showing remote and distasteful styles of wearing apparel, will be happily eliminated. Then we shall know our friends and relations as they really are.

Why need we dress, anyway? Think of the economic saving if we all become properly converted to artistic ideals. And since the story of Adam and Eve would lead us to believe that clothes came in with Satan, this thoroughgoing vogue for the nude might reasonably purify us of all our sins. It would certainly cure a great many of us of our illusions.



ALTHOUGH the cause of asthma is still a mystery, recent investigations indicate that the disease is caused by a deficiency of some important element in the system. The particular element in question has not been definitely determined, but it is strongly suspected that same element is of the pulmonary body (a small gland at the base of the lungs) is concerned.

Napoleon was not the product of a school of muscular training; indeed he seems rather to have neglected exercise, for the physician is constantly exposed to the fact that many physicians are peculiarly liable to septicemia, or blood poisoning. We should naturally expect this to be the case owing to the risks to which they are exposed. A third cause of death to which physicians are concomitant with the "dilemma and worry" brought about by the "dilemma and worry" of arteries, which is supposed to have been the cause of his death.

The mother of Napoleon was wonderfully strong and of great beauty. Besides enjoying the best of health, she was a strong peasant woman. Like many other men of strong physique, Napoleon had a small gland at the base of the lungs, which is the cause of asthma.

A New Treatment for Asthma.

# The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

## TWO GOOD DESSERTS.

### Banana Surprise.

[The Chef:] Prepare a rich smooth custard from a scant pint of milk, three eggs and two tablespoonfuls of sugar. When the custard is cold add one pint of sweetened whipped cream, five bananas that have been peeled and pressed through a ricer, one cupful of preserved ginger syrup and one cupful of chopped preserved ginger. Pour into a chilled freezer and freeze slowly until firm and smooth. Repack in a melon mould and serve unmoulded with a border of small sponge cakes pressed into the base of the cream.

### Golden Mousse.

Beat the yolks of three eggs until smooth, add one tablespoonful of sugar syrup and cook, stirring constantly until the mixture makes a thick coating on the spoon. Remove from the fire, add three tablespoonfuls of sherry and one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice. Beat it until light and cold. Whip the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth. Pour into them slowly two tablespoonfuls of boiling sugar syrup cooked to the ball stage. Add this meringue to the yolk mixture. Put into a mold and pack in ice and salt for four hours. Kirsch, rum or brandy may be substituted for the sherry as flavoring. Lay a few white grapes in the bottom of the mold before the mixture is poured in.

## DAINTY DISHES.

### Violet Jelly and Cream.

[Unidentified:] The jelly is prepared as follows: Make a lemon jelly in the usual manner and flavor to taste with violet cordial. A little vegetable coloring may be employed to give the proper tint. Set the jelly aside in a ring mold to harden. When the jelly is ready to serve, turn it out of the mold and fill the center with the following cream:

Scald one pint of milk in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of six eggs and one cupful of sugar together until very light and smooth. Stir the scalded milk slowly into the eggs and sugar. Put this into a double boiler and cook until it drapes the spoon. Do not let it cook too long or it is likely to curdle. Flavor to taste with vanilla essence after removing the custard from the fire and add one pint of cream, stirring until almost cold. Do not turn into the freezer until thoroughly cold.

Pile slightly sweetened whipped cream over the top and decorate with candied violets.

### Orange and Banana Meringue Glace.

Peel, seed and chop fine five oranges. Cover with two cupfuls of granulated sugar and set aside. Select five or six large bananas, peel and slice them. Stir the bananas into the sugared oranges. Add one pint of very cold water and the unbeaten whites of five eggs. Turn the mixture into the freezer until the result is a frozen fruit froth. Pile this into sherbet glasses. Decorate with crystallized ginger cut in fancy shapes.

### Apricot and Pistachio Ice Cream.

Scald a pint of cream with half a cupful of sugar. Add the yolks of six eggs well beaten and half a cupful of pistachio nuts broken into very small bits. Cook until thick, stirring constantly. Cool and freeze. Rub through a sieve two cupfuls of stewed apricots. Mix with two cupfuls of syrup and freeze. Pack in alternate layers in a plain mold and bury in ice and salt for four hours.

## CLEANING LACE.

### For Delicate Lace.

[Youth's Companion:] Lace that is too delicate to be washed in the usual way can be cleaned in this way; make a strong soap-suds of some good soap, and allow the lace to remain in it for several hours at least, although it is well to shake it out occasionally. A wide-mouthed bottle is most convenient to handle. When the lace is thoroughly soaked, let the soapy water out of the bottle and keep adding clean water until the soap has all been removed from the lace. Do not handle the lace at all;

shaking the bottle will rinse it thoroughly.

If the lace is narrow, wind it around a bottle that has been covered with a piece of soft flannel, and do not remove it until it is dry. If it is too wide to care for in that way, dry it on a large cushion. First cover the cushion with a heavy towel, then pin the points of the lace in place and allow it to dry. It is better not to use steel pins, on account of the danger from rust. When dry the lace will look like new.

## USES OF GREEN PEPPERS.

### Stuffed.

[Irish World:] Stuffed green peppers can be prepared in many ways. The first thing to do is to open the stem end of the pepper and remove the seeds and pith, then parboil the pepper for ten minutes. Drain, stuff and bake, with a little water or stock in the dish. The stuffing can be formed of bread crumbs and chopped meat, either raw or cooked—preferably cooked—or rice and meat or rice and tomato or pepper, or of bread crumbs, seasoned well with butter, pepper and salt.

Sweet green peppers, parboiled, can be stuffed with boiled sweet corn, cut from the cob and mixed with cream and bread crumbs, butter, pepper and salt. The peppers can be cut in halves, or the stuffing can be inserted from the opening in the end.

As a relish, too, peppers are useful. With soft-shell crabs strips of the pepper are sometimes served to be eaten with salt, like celery. On the plate of raw oysters tabasco sauce or catsup is sometimes served in the small ends of green pepper shells. Pepper minced with celery and onions and covered with vinegar and oil makes a good substitute for pickles to serve with fish.

### In Salads.

Peppers in salad, in dozens of different ways, can be served many times a month without becoming monotonous. Pepper chopped and added to potato or chicken salad in place of some of the celery is good. Minced pepper sprinkled over lettuce and served with mayonnaise is tempting. (Pepper minced and added to almost any vegetable salad is an addition to the flavor.)

With tomatoes and mayonnaise it is particularly good. Nut meats and celery can be mixed with mayonnaise and served in green peppers. Celery and red peppers make another good filling, and any meat salad is good in a green pepper shell.

Salad stuffed in green pepper shells is a good part of a picnic meal, for it can be easily carried—a pepper for each guest, and the pepper will keep fresh and crisp for a long time.

## SWEET POTATOES.

### Croquettes.

[Irish World:] Sweet potatoes are almost always improved by a second cooking, especially if they are watery. One way is to make them into croquettes. A good recipe calls for six potatoes boiled and put through a vegetable ricer, seasoned with a tablespoonful of melted butter and pepper and salt to taste. Add a beaten egg, mix well and shape into little balls. Roll in crumbs, beaten egg and crumbs again and brown quickly in hot deep fat.

### Baked in Dish.

Another good way is to slice lengthwise boiled sweet potatoes; put them in a baking dish, pour melted butter over them and brown them in the oven. Still another way is to remove the insides from baked potatoes, season them well with melted butter, paprika, salt and mace, and return to the skins to brown.

### Candied.

For candied sweet potatoes cut parboiled sweet potatoes into lengthwise slices and put them in a buttered pan. Cook for two minutes three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, a quarter of a cupful of water and two tablespoonfuls of butter. Brush the potatoes with this and bake them. Baste them with the syrup as they cook until they are well candied.

### Scalloped.

Scalloped sweet potatoes are made by

slicing parboiled potatoes into a buttered baking dish and covering them with a well seasoned white sauce. On top of the sauce put some melted butter and crumbs and bake for about twenty minutes.

## SCHOOL LUNCHEONS.

### In the Lunch Basket.

[Sacramento Bee:] The return of school days brings the problem of the children's luncheon. Possibly there is no parcel that goes out of the home that is capable of attesting so much of the mother's watchful care as the lunch basket or folding box or carton, or whatever receptacle is provided for the away-from-home repast. Something hearty, something sweet, something sour, a surprise, and a treat for a school friend, are the five articles that comprise the perfectly prepared luncheon. Bread and butter wrapped in wax paper, a pickle, a piece of cake, a small glass of jelly or jam, and hidden away in one corner the surprise, and the school luncheon has reached its highest development.

The prepared luncheon has taken its place among the chef's arts, since it is a field for ingenuity. In college neighborhoods the preparation of the peddled luncheon is an economic, housewifely enterprise, and small cartons of good home-made food are dealt out for small sums, and warranted to carry a youthful academic appetite over the noon hour, and contain surprises found nowhere but in your own mother's refrigerator, and called leftovers.

In preparing a luncheon basket, the dessert and the surprise should be placed in first and snuggled into corners. The dessert may be a pattypan pie and the surprises may be a bonbon sealed up in a small waxed envelope. The sandwiches may vary during the successive days of the week; one day they may be of lettuce, with a dash of mayonnaise; another day they may contain ham with a seasoning of mustard; also there is a variety of meats that may be used, once the luncheon peddler has won the confidence of customers.

Many jelly makers pour it into individual receptacles, containing only enough for one person. The small paper drinking cups are useful for this purpose and also small cold cream jars with the neat screw tops. Nothing is more practical for jelly for the children's luncheons than these small discarded cold cream jars that find an extended field of usefulness among the glasses in the preserve closet. Small tin toy spoons find also a place in the luncheon that is carried to school.

In preparing a luncheon it is a simple attraction to tie up the various articles of food in wax paper with a pretty colored paper ribbon that may be bought for 2 or 3 cents a spool. Hospitality may be expressed in the luncheon by some tidbit meant to be presented to a friend. And then the surprise! One never can tell just what one's mother is likely to prepare for one in a luncheon basket, and it is a great delight when a mysterious ball wrapped in the tinfoil that comes around the yeast cake, turns out to be a fine big English walnut, or a marshmallow, or three or four peppermints left over from last night's dinner party.

## FOR TRAVELING.

### Convenient Cushion.

[New York Sun:] A boon to the traveler in motor car, train or steamer is a leather cushion. It is small and fits comfortably in the hollow of the back. One side of the cushion is covered with water-proof leather, the other with cravenetted cloth, so a chance shower or ocean mist would not harm it.

## THE LARDER.

### To Keep Fruit Bright.

[Cleveland Plain Dealer:] Bright colored fruits and vegetables will retain their color if the glass jars are wrapped in thick, dark brown paper. Keep in a cool, dry cellar and away from the light.

To keep lemons, wrap each one separately in tissue or soft paper and place them in stone jars; put a plate over the jar and keep in a cool, dry room. They should be looked over about once a week, and take

out any that show signs of decay, but most of them will keep in a perfect state of preservation for weeks and months.

The best quality of thick tin foil may be used as a cover for any large-mouthed bottle or jar, minus a cover. Work it down over the rim until perfectly smooth and tight. If air-tight there will be a depression in the cover as soon as the fruit is cold. Fruit thus covered should be kept away from mice, as they will eat the tin foil.

### How Ham Remains Soft.

Ham may be kept from getting hard and dry on the outside thus: Take some of the fat part and fry it out. Let it get hard, then spread on the cut end of the ham half an inch thick. This excludes air. Hang in a cool place. Before slicing the ham scrape off this fat and spread it on afterward as before.

## IN THE BOUDOIR.

### Renovating Your Handkerchief Box.

[Detroit News:] If you look at your handkerchief box some morning and find it rather shabby, you will find it the simplest kind of a task to recover it. Run down to one of the shops at once and look around among the remnants of cretonne. There are very often pieces plenty large enough among the remnants to make an entire bureau set, and the remnants are always so much cheaper than the goods in the roll. A pretty braid to match or harmonize with the goods is another essential.

### Painted Wood Candlesticks.

Painted wood candlesticks for bedroom use also have the silhouette figures on Empire paper shades to match the color of the room, the candlestick itself being painted in the same color.

## HEARTSEASE.

### Ineffaceable.

All that hath been shall ever be,  
Nor any act or word be vain;  
Engraved on time indelibly  
And in the light all deeds remain;  
For though God hath dominion, He  
Cannot make void the past again.

Reverse the whirling wheel of time,  
Retrace the pathway of the light,  
And in old India's sunny clime,  
Or ancient Egypt's darkest night,  
We hear the temple bells a-chime  
And see the altars burning bright.

Upon the moving screen the flood  
Is still recorded fadelessly;  
And we may stand where Moses stood  
And vision of his Canaan see;  
Or in some rare exalted mood,  
May yet behold Gethsemane.  
—[M. E. Buehler, in New York Sun.

[Life:] Nell: What did she say that tickled the parson so immensely?  
Belle: Told him he didn't seem a bit like a clergyman.

## Spinal Irritation

That's what causes—Pain or distress in back part of head; pulling of cords in the neck; trouble with eyes; pain between shoulders or in other parts of spine or burning, aching tenderness or soreness; belt of constriction or pain around body; numbness of fingers or feet or coldness or tingling like pricking of pins; peculiar, almost indescribable pains or distress in heart, stomach, kidneys or other parts of chest or abdomen; backache; sciatica.

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[Saturday, October 16, 1910.]

# California, Land of the Sun, by the Western Sea.

## Marvelous Development.

**P**ROGRESS has been so much the order of the day and so generally so in Southern California for a generation or more that it is difficult to astonish those who have followed this story with anything new. But they must be very hardened to sensations who are not impressed with what has been going on in the San Fernando Valley since the Lankershim-Van Nuys ranches were sold to a syndicate of Los Angeles people some five years ago. Since the syndicate began operations, about a year after the transfer was made, several large towns have been built of the most modern type, and these are growing apace. The great ranch has been subdivided into small holdings, and much of it sold to actual settlers who have constructed homes on their farms that would do credit to the suburbs of New York or Boston. The fertility of the valley is marvelous and the variety of crops almost infinite, bringing prices that make it possible for a man not only to earn a living but to become independent on a few acres.

The Owens River Aqueduct enters the city of Los Angeles through the San Fernando Valley, and this has given a wonderful impetus to the development of the section. The actual settlers and property holders in the valley are about to put on the market bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000 to construct pipe lines under high pressure to their fields and houses. This will give a new impetus to the development of the valley difficult to estimate.

The inhabitants of the several cities have formed an association for canning and marketing the products of the valley. This association has just had constructed a warehouse at Owensmouth which cost \$15,000. This is the first unit in a series that are to be constructed in the other cities. That there is business for these warehouses is evident from the success of the first one, with a capacity of 60,000 sacks of beans or grain. Already 30,000 sacks of beans are housed in it, and 10,000 more are coming. The Egyptian corn crop now being threshed will amount to about 7000 sacks. At this rate the warehouse will soon be filled.

The association, which is co-operative in its methods, is capitalized for \$100,000, and the original subdividers gave it lands worth \$40,000 to fix it on a firm basis and give it sites for its various activities. This association is now completing at Van Nuys a modern cannery to handle the fruits in the orchards already in bearing. The beet crop of the current year is now going to the sugar factory at Oxnard at the rate of thirty carloads a day from 3500 acres of beets. This will bring the farmers of the valley an income of \$500,000, and the plans now on foot will double the acreage next year, with the expectation that the income will be \$1,000,000. The plans for next year include the planting of 6000 acres to beans.

The Owensmouth High School will cost \$108,000, and the Marian grammar school \$55,000, with the Chatsworth grammar school following at \$34,000. Harold Bell Wright, the author, is having a home constructed there at a cost of \$200,000.

## Sale of Stough Ranch.

**O**. J. STOUGH came to California more than twenty five years ago. He was then an old man, and came here largely to prolong his days upon earth. Soon after his arrival he was met in Los Angeles by the writer, and his unique personality made an impression on him as it did on nearly everyone who came into contact with him. He said positively at that time that the climate of Southern California and the claims at Coronado insured him life to the century mark. He is still as bright as a young man, and has almost reached the mark he set for himself more than a quarter of a century ago. The climate and the claims have not only kept Mr. Stough young in body but energetic in mind, and have enabled him to make a great deal of money. In 1893 or thereabouts, when everything was dull all over the United States and when the dullness was felt even in Southern California, some happy chance called his attention to a tract of land in the eastern end of the San Fernando Valley adjoining Burbank which he proceeded to acquire at a cost of a few dollars an acre. During

these beautiful October days this century-old boy has negotiated a sale of his holdings at Burbank at about a round million dollars. Much of this is as good land as lies out of doors under the sun in the world. The entire holdings of Mr. Stough are about 6000 acres. Some is rough hill land, but the new owners will develop first the better parts, on the lower levels, and then proceed to developing the higher lands. One of the plans is to construct a reservoir cut out of the solid rock on the hillside above Burbank, to contain 3,000,000 gallons of water. A large slice of the upper levels will be converted into a beautiful park. Lying as it does right at the gates of Los Angeles, there is no doubt that the new owners will make more out of the property than falls to Mr. Stough's portion.

## Let It Be Preserved.

**E**VERY eye that has rested on the exposition grounds and buildings at San Francisco has been fascinated by their artistic beauty. The center of this wonderful gem is the Palace of Fine Arts. Traveled men of culture say it is one of the most beautiful buildings in the world, and are not afraid to compare it with the Taj Mahal of India. It is interesting to all lovers of the beautiful to learn that there is a movement on foot to preserve this building for future generations. For this purpose there has been organized an association known as the Exposition Preservation League, with headquarters at No. 153 Kearny street, San Francisco. The league offers membership in the association in sections classified from A to I. Those in the A section are to obtain their standing in the league by transferring their stock benefits in the Panama-Pacific Exposition Company to the Preservation League. Judging from the spirit that animates Californians, it is very probable that every person entitled to benefits out of the exposition will let them rest with the league, securing membership therein. It will be a proud thing for every person who does this, and to his descendants to many generations. Membership is secured in class B by those who subscribe \$100 and so on down to I, where \$1 secures membership. That the undertaking will be as successful as the exposition itself, would seem to be a safe prophecy.

## Chamber of Commerce Right.

**T**HE city of Los Angeles, and in fact all Southern California, is unspeakably happy in having an association of the extent and character of the Chamber of Commerce of this city. It is composed of the leading men of the whole community, and has but one purpose in its existence; that is the benefitting in every way of the city and the section. It is a sane and sensible body of men, unafraid to do things, and therefore very influential in moulding opinion in the city and its surroundings.

The county of Los Angeles has done wonders in the construction of highways in the past five years. It has done enough of this work for the present time, and until business is better in every branch in the section. Some enthusiasts propose another bond issue to the amount of nearly \$3,000,000, to be used in the construction of new highways, very desirable but not necessary at the present time. These new highways proposed to be built by this contemplated bond issue are mostly to traverse rough mountain districts where they will add greatly to the pleasure of all inhabitants and visitors in opening up long vistas of wonderful scenic beauty and mountain grandeur. There is not a member of the Chamber of Commerce, nor a single dweller in Southern California, who would not rejoice immeasurably to see these roads constructed if the time were ripe and propitious. But it is premature. A very unpropitious at the moment. The Chamber of Commerce has therefore put its disapproval very emphatically upon the proposition which is to be put up to the voters at a special election on the 26th of this month.

## Antelope Valley Fair.

**T**O READ about a successful fair at Lancaster in the Antelope Valley may seem to those who know things there only as they are today a very natural matter. But to the old-timers there is a mild sensation in

reading of such an unexpected event. More than thirty years ago there was quite a purp of speculation in Antelope Valley lands, and many venturesome pioneers went there to try to develop homes. Most of these were short-handed in funds, and many of them inexperienced in frontier life. Their efforts were for the most part among the most tragic failures of recent days in America, and absolutely the most so in Southern California. These failures produced a very unfavorable impression on the minds of the community generally regarding Antelope Valley lands. But to far-seeing, practical men the failures had no deterrent or discouraging effect. The right kind of people went there, with money and experience, and have reaped abundant success out of their endeavors. It is no place for the poor man, nor for the inexperienced farmer, to attempt to subdue the wilderness, but to the man with money, with experience and courage, the Antelope Valley opens up a very inviting prospect. These newcomers have held their fair at Lancaster, and most of the visitors came in their own automobiles.

## Watch Out, Ye Mexicos.

**N**EAR Van Nuys in the San Fernando Valley, the sugar beet harvest is in full swing, and the beets are being harvested mostly by Mexican laborers. A lot of these palsanos in one of the sugar beet camps spied a melon patch belonging to a settler, and raided it. The owner of the ranch was away from his home, and his wife was in charge. She spied the dark-skinned marauders, and arming herself with a revolver took to the field and began a fusillade upon the robbers which very promptly put them on the run and saved her melon patch. The Mexicans down in their own country have a great contempt for Americans as fighting men, and think that no American would dare to fight a good belligerent game cock. Americans do not want to fight Mexicans nor any other people, but if they are provoked to it they will show them how well they can fight, will organize a corps of belligerent women like Mrs. E. A. Brainerd of Van Nuys, and go down and subdue all the Mexicans in Old Mexico.

## Encouraging Enterprise.

**O**UT at Pomona a fruit grower has constructed a plant to manufacture fruit juices, and is beginning by the purchase of fifty tons of wine grapes in the Cucamonga district, with the purpose of making, not wine, but grape juice. If he succeeds (and he will,) it will give another outlet for the grape crop of the section, and with success at this point others will spring up all over the State.

The lemon crop of the season is bringing back poor returns, and the owner of this factory proposes to buy up the lemons around Pomona and convert them into lemon juice. It is well known that the poor returns from the lemon crop of the year are owing to the bad carrying quality of the fruit, much of which rots in transit to the eastern markets. Expressed into juice and bottled, this would not occur.

The plant is equipped with the most modern machinery at a cost of \$15,000, and the work is done under the direction of two very experienced chemists. Pomona is one of the most fruitful sections of Southern California, where all kinds of fruits flourish. Other fruit juices will be manufactured at this plant, and the owner already has orders for large shipments of assorted juices.

## Imperial Valley Cotton.

**T**HOSE were impressive pictures on the first page of Part II of The Times on Sunday morning, October 10, showing a cotton field in the Imperial Valley, and also a great stack of baled cotton at the depot awaiting shipment. This is a comparatively new industry for California, but the crop of the current year is estimated to bring in \$2,500,000. The lint is selling rapidly at 13 cents a pound, more than twice that of last year and really an unusual price for cotton to bring in America. The best kind of Egyptian cotton is produced in the Imperial Valley, and the area is being very naturally extended year by year. In the early days of October, 200 bales went forward from El Centro for Liverpool via the Los Angeles Harbor. Other consignments are

to follow from day to day. All the cotton is not grown in Imperial county. In the Palo Verde Valley, in the eastern part of Riverside county, there are 2000 acres of cotton land. From 42,000 acres in the valley, at least a bale an acre is expected. In the Mount Signal district there are 13,000 acres in cotton at the moment, one great field of white and green. It is the largest field of cotton in the world. A cotton expert predicts a yield of 15,000 bales from these 13,000 acres.

The history of cotton culture in the valley dates back only six years, to 1909, when the planting amounted to 900 acres. It is pretty good progress to make in six years to the record this year of 42,000 acres.

## New Harbor Industry.

**T**HE American Trona Corporation has leased seven acres of land for a term of years from the Southern Pacific Company, and will begin at once the construction of a factory. One unit will be put up at first, which will employ about fifty men, and will convert crude salts into potash, borax and other chemical substances such as carbonate and sulphate of soda, caustic soda, chloride of potassium, and similar products. This is largely a result of the European war, which has cut us off from our supply of these chemical substances heretofore coming from Germany. The contract for the machinery has been let largely to California concerns, the Llewellyn Iron Works of Los Angeles securing the contract for most of the steel.

## Good News for the World.

**T**HE orange crop of the current year is about all harvested. The navel variety has gone long ago, and most of the Valencia have already gone to market. The next crop will begin to be shipped before the old one is all out of the way, and now is the time to estimate the volume of the coming crop. The California Fruit Growers' Exchange, in conjunction with the Santa Fe Railroad Company, has had men out over the territory. The approximate value of last year's citrus crop delivered at the East is about \$40,000,000. The crop coming on is estimated at 48,000 cars, or about the same in volume as that of last year. The reports indicate a prospective shortage of Valencias for next year compared with the one just closing, but the heavier yield of navel oranges and of lemons will make up the total.

## Notes of Progress.

**A** forty-acre tract in walnut trees at Bloomington is reported exchanged for a piece of property at Pasadena, together with ten acres at Santa Fe Springs, the combined value being put at \$50,000.

A twelve-acre orange grove near Claremont has been sold at \$25,000, and the purchaser is an experienced orange grower of the section.

The acreage in cantaloupes in Imperial county last year was 8000 acres, the largest in the United States. Will S. Fawcett of Heber, known as the cantaloupe king, will set out next season 1000 acres to cantaloupes.

The contract has been let for the great hotel apartment house near Westlake Park on the corner of Sixth and Lake streets, to cost \$300,000 and cover an area of 100 feet square.

The Collector of Customs, in his report for September, shows collections amounting to \$35,228.38. The value of the imports at this harbor was \$233,458, and of the exports \$106,448. Mexico leads in imports, with \$146,120. England comes next with \$18,115, followed by Japan with \$18,038, then France \$15,625 and Canada \$10,330. In exports Mexico leads, with \$103,093, or nearly the value of all the exports from the harbor.

The Exchange Building, northeast corner of Third and Hill streets, Los Angeles, has again changed hands at a consideration of between \$475,000 and \$500,000. It goes this time to Charles C. Chapman, one of the most successful orange growers in Southern California, whose home is near Fullerton. A part of the consideration is 1000 acres of raw land about four miles east of Orange. The land is said to be suitable for citrus fruit culture.



# "Home, Sweet Home," For Wife and Mother, For Daughter and Maid.

## The Human Body—Its Care, Use and Abuse.

### A New Treatment for Asthma.

**A**LTHOUGH the cause of asthma is still a mystery, recent investigations indicate that the disease is caused by a deficiency of some important element in the system. The particular element in question has not been definitely determined, but it is strongly suspected that same derangement of the pituitary body (a small gland at the base of the brain) is responsible for certain forms of asthma.

Acting on this assumption, the experiment of treating cases of this disease with an extract made from the pituitary body is being tried in various places, with very gratifying results in many instances. One hospital report of these experiments published recently, is as follows: "Several cases were selected from the wards of the city hospital which were bronchial in character and to these patients were given one 2½-grain tablet four times a day. Each treated case showed very marked improvement in the train of symptoms within forty-eight hours. The duration of treatment extended from ten days to seven weeks. A careful study of the blood-pressure was made in each case, in which we were unable to ascertain that the remedy had any appreciable effect either to raise or lower the blood-pressure.

"Six of the seven cases complained of a dryness of the throat, which condition was relieved by taking sips of water. With this dryness came a decrease of expectoration and a disappearance of the dyspnea. In two cases there was considerable albumen in the urine, which later disappeared.

"While the number of cases treated were few, the results secured were so constant that we believe further trials of this drug in similar cases are very desirable."

### Intractable Hiccough.

Ordinary "hiccups" is an annoying but transient condition, with which every one is familiar. But hiccough sometimes assumes a serious form as a result of severe gastric or kidney disorders, and becomes absolutely intractable. To relieve this, all manner of remedies have been tried, from the usual measures of holding the breath and eating ice-cream or cracked ice rapidly, to such heroic forms of treatment as administering chloroform or narcotics. Recently it has been found that adrenalin, which is prepared from the small glands located just above the kidneys, is sometimes effective, just as it is peculiarly effective in relieving an attack of asthma temporarily.

A case of this kind was recently reported by an Asiatic physician. The hiccoughs accompanied an attack of what appeared to be appendicitis, and was very violent and painful in character. "To relieve this," says the report, "large doses of bromide, chloral, chloroform and cocaine were in turn given, but with no result. Gastric lavage with a solution of silver nitrate, and finally general anaesthesia under chloroform, were equally unsuccessful. This went on for eleven days, the patient's sleep being constantly disturbed and his strength being rapidly exhausted. Finally adrenalin was given in a dose of ten drops of a 1-in-1000 solution, when the hiccough became less frequent and on a repetition of the dose ceased entirely and did not recur."

### Napoleon, Eugenics and Hygiene.

The year 1915 marks the centenary of the battle of Waterloo and the end of the active career of the central figure at that battle, Napoleon. But the present European conflict so completely overshadows every phase of life in the eastern hemisphere that the usual flood of literature on the event which marked the downfall of the great Corsican that would have come in the natural course, is almost completely lacking.

One naturally thinks of Napoleon as first and foremost a soldier. But just at this time when the western world, at least, still finds time to devote a little thought to eugenics and hygiene, it is interesting to note that the French Emperor exemplifies the soundness of the theories of the eugenicists and hygienists. "Of many great men the father has been robust; the mother frail," says the New York Medical Journal, referring to Napoleon. "Such was not the case with Napoleon; his father was not of heroic mold, and died at 39 years of age

of cancer of the stomach. The mother of Napoleon was wonderfully strong and of great beauty. Besides enjoying the best of maternal nutrition, the infant Napoleon had for a wet nurse a strong peasant woman. Like many other men of strong physique, Napoleon was not the product of a school of muscular training; indeed he seems rather to have neglected systematic exercise, for at school he spent his leisure over books rather than over games, and he would have made a sorry candidate for an athletic team. . . . Such power for work has apparently never been possessed by any other man. . . . Even his enemies declared that his capacity for work was equal at least to that of four men in one.

### An Example in Practical Hygiene.

"He slept from six to eight hours a day, but when aroused was at once in perfect possession of his mental powers and could sleep again at will. When compelled to remain awake for long periods he always made up for the loss, sleeping on one occasion for thirty-six hours at a stretch. His digestive powers were perfect. He preferred plain dishes, his meats cooked brown, and rarely spent more than from seven to twelve minutes at the table. He drank very little wine and but two cups of coffee a day. He was fond of ice and chocolate, and often had them served while at work. He used snuff only to trifle with and declared that smoking was 'good for nothing but to entertain idlers.' He was very careful of his person and had himself vigorously massaged after his daily bath. His pulse was slow—between fifty and fifty-seven. He suffered without some outdoor exercise daily, though this was comparatively small in amount. He was extremely sensitive to cold and to bad odors and sickening sights, yet when with the army he could be callous to all manner of discomfort. Such was Napoleon as he climbed to the pinnacle of fame."

It is somewhat disconcerting, at least to Fletcherites, to note that Napoleon spent "from seven to twelve minutes" at the table. Apparently the Emperor bolted his food in true quick lunch time. Yet his digestive powers were perfect. Which illustrates that, although food-bolting cannot be commended, it is an esthetic rather than a physiological offense, generally speaking.

### Night Blindness in Soldiers.

It is well known that certain animals possess the power of seeing at night, and that certain specially favored individuals have much better vision after dark than others. Indeed, the range of night vision among different individuals varies between a condition of actual blindness after dark, to the opposite condition in which the individual seems to possess almost catlike vision.

The present European war has developed the fact that quite a large percentage of otherwise normal persons are afflicted with night-blindness. Since modern warfare requires that a soldier shall have good vision at all hours of the day and night, these night-blind soldiers are no longer accepted on the firing line.

The peculiarity of night-blindness is that persons afflicted with it may have apparently normal vision during the hours of daylight, but for some inexplicable reason they lose their vision absolutely after dark, so that they become almost as helpless as a person who is blindfolded. Obviously such persons would not make good soldiers, either for offensive or defensive purposes at night.

### Causes of Death in Eminent Persons.

A recent exhaustive report upon the most frequent causes of death among eminent persons presents some interesting features. For example, the causes of death in celebrated physicians may be taken as illustrating the usual causes of demise among persons in corresponding walks of life.

Thus we find that the most common cause of death in these brain-workers is apoplexy, and the list of victims of this affliction includes such names as Harvey, discoverer of the circulation of the blood, and Jenner, discoverer of vaccination.

The next most important cause of death and one that claimed almost as many victims as apoplexy, is a condition of diseased

arteries, which is supposed to have been brought about by the "drive and worry" concomitant with the physician's life.

A third cause of death to which physicians are peculiarly liable is septicemia, or blood-poisoning. We should naturally expect this to be the case owing to the risks to which the physician is constantly exposed.

It is recorded also that many physicians have met violent deaths by accident in pursuit of their calling, a number of these deaths resulting from the attacks made by insane patients. But it is interesting to note that only one case of suicide is recorded among eminent physicians.

### Physicians and the Hall of Fame.

The British Medical Journal thus comments on the tabulation by Mr. Pickering in "Science" of the votes at the three elections of the American Hall of Fame:

"Politicians head the list. Next come authors. It is significant of the value of popular judgment that while of eleven writers of fiction nine were elected, of ten authors who dealt with serious subjects, only three gained the arbitrium popularis aural. Next come soldiers and sailors. Doctors hold a low position, but this is not surprising, as medicine is not a profession which leads to popular fame among Anglo-Saxon peoples. What is surprising is that in a country like America which swarms with inventors and where the cult of the 'mighty dollar' is generally believed to be so prevalent, engineers and business men are nearly at the bottom of the list. 'Philanthropists' stand lowest of all. The list suggests some curious reflections as to the mentality of the American people, but it would be rash to draw any definite conclusion from the figures. The system of voting is probably accountable for the strangeness of the results, for till now the judges have been literary men who may be assumed to have been more familiar with the work of authors than with that of men whose activity was displayed in other fields. Even allowing for this, it is remarkable that among so practical a people fiction should hold the place of honor in literature; and it is hard, as Mr. Pickering says, 'to believe that there are . . . twelve authors more famous than any American missionary, physician, engineer or business man.'"

### Human Herbivore and Carnivore.

Given the presence of the two human types in one locality, what may be expected of them? History provides abundant answer. Thus in England the square-jawed Roundheads under Cromwell stirred up the country for a few years and disappeared. The hatchet-faced Puritans found England too crowded and settled a new world. Today

## DEAF

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### TWO GOOD DESSERTS.

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# Billions of Tons of Iron.

By Frank G. Carpenter.

## Mighty Ore Deposits. TO BE DEVELOPED BY AMERICAN CAPITAL IN BRAZIL.

A HUNDRED-MILLION-DOLLAR SYNDICATE, WHERE THE ORE BEDS ARE—EQUALLY TO LAKE SUPERIOR'S—A TALK WITH DR. ORVILLE DERBY, THE FAMOUS GEOLOGIST, PASSED UPON BY THE EXPERTS OF OUR STEEL TRUST AND THE KRUPPS—DIAMONDS IN BRAZIL—HOW MINED—SOME RICH FINDS.

### From Our Own Correspondent.

**R**IO DE JANEIRO.—An American syndicate with a capital of about \$100,000,000 has been formed to develop the iron deposits of the central part of Minas Geraes.

I take this statement from a late publication authorized by the Brazilian government. It relates to some of the greatest iron beds yet undeveloped. Minas Geraes is a great State a short distance back from the Atlantic Ocean. It is separated from the Atlantic by the narrow States of Espirito Santo and Rio de Janeiro. The country is high and it has many kinds of minerals, including diamonds. It has great beds of iron. In the central and southern parts of the State there are said to be more than 2,000,000,000 tons of ore in sight, and one block of iron that contains 20,000,000 tons. The latter is 50 per cent. pure. The Minas ores have been analyzed by experts from the United States Steel Company and from the Krupps, and they are known to be very valuable. So far fifty-two outcrops have been surveyed by the mining engineers of the Brazilian government, and their estimate is that they contain no less than 12,000,000,000 tons of high grade ore. Minas Geraes has one small iron works that is now smelting six tons of metal a day, at a profit of \$8 per ton. Experiments are being made to reduce the iron by electricity, and the government has charge of an electric furnace at Ouro Preto which has been recently erected at a cost of \$20,000. The great trouble is the lack of good coal for

have referred to are found. The iron formation varies in thickness. In places it measures less than fifty feet, and in others it is said to be more than 4000 feet thick. The ore seems to be a true sedimentary formation laid down at the same time as the enclosing rocks, and the rocks and the ore have the same dip. Some of the ore layers form the tops of hills or ridges, and there are great cliffs of ore to be seen along the hillsides.

During my stay here I have had a chat with Dr. Orville T. Derby, who is at the head of the Geological Survey of Brazil, and who has been for many years the chief geologist of the country. Dr. Derby is a North American. He was born in the United States and received his education at Cornell University. It was away back in 1870, forty-five years ago, that he first came here with one of his professors in connection with the Morgan exploration expedition, sent out from the United States to do geological work in Brazil. He returned to complete his college course, after which he became professor of geology at Cornell. He had served but a short while when the Emperor of Brazil engaged him to come to Rio and take charge of the mineralogy department of the National Museum. He held this office for some years and then left to make a geological survey of the State of Sao Paulo. Since then he had done other geological work all over Brazil, having been continually employed in that pursuit up to the present. Dr. Derby for a long time has been at the head of the national geological survey of this country, and he still holds that position.

### Iron a Great Asset.

One of my first questions to Dr. Derby was as to the future of Brazil. He replied that he was not a prophet nor the son of a prophet, and went on to speak of the mineral resources of the country, saying:

"One of the great assets of Brazil is its iron. The country has enormous quantities of this metal and it will eventually

supply a large part of the iron used by the world. This fact is known to the iron and steel companies of other countries, and a syndicate was recently formed, made up of Englishmen and Americans to buy certain parts of the iron beds and develop them. This syndicate has a bona fide capital of 25,000,000 pounds sterling, or \$125,000,000, and I have no doubt but that when matters become quiet once more its operations will be continued. At present the situation is such that no great undertaking can be entered into, and there has been trouble in connection with the concessions here in Brazil that will have to be settled before the syndicate will proceed with its work. I doubt not that the ore beds will eventually be developed, and that they will result in a great industry."

"Where is this field of iron, Dr. Derby?" I asked.

"It is scattered over considerable territory," was the reply. "It lies in Minas Geraes. The eastern end of it is about 270 miles from the seacoast, and it is almost all down grade. Some of the beds farther back in the country will have to be hauled to the top of the ridge and then sent on down to the sea."

"Can you give me some idea of the extent of the deposits?"

"I can only say that they are enormous. I recently estimated them at 2,000,000,000 tons, but in this I included only the high-grade ore, that could be used for the manufacture of steel. That ore is equal to the best of our Lake Superior regions, and of a higher grade than a great part of it. Some of the geologists of the United States, including professors of the University of Wisconsin at Madison, have stated that my estimate was a conservative one. Wisconsin professors, you know, have had much to do with investigating the Lake Superior fields."

"Can you tell me something about the owners of the fields?"

### American Owners.

"Some of them are American capitalists who sent their experts down here to examine the territory after my statement as to the extent of the ore and its value. It is upon the advice of the experts that they bought large tracts of ore-bearing property from the original owners. These men include such well-known persons as James J. Hill and others. There are also German and English capitalists who have bought tracts of ore lands. Some of the syndicate are men interested in shipping. The proposition is to a large extent a traffic one, for the ore will be carried down to the sea and shipped to the smelters of the United States and Europe."

"Could it not be smelted in Brazil?" I asked.

"So far we have not found coal fit for smelting in such quantities as are needed for that purpose. We have coal, but it is not the right quality."

"How about smelting with electricity?"

"I do not think that is feasible. Electric smelting takes about one-third as much coal as smelting altogether by coal."

"Were these iron beds of Minas Geraes recently discovered?"

"No; they have been known for hundreds of years. The colonial records show that an exploiting party started out from the town of Sao Paulo in 1590 and discovered iron ore in the mountains which are about sixty miles to the southward. About one hundred years later the gold fields of Ouro Preto, where the electric furnace is now, were opened up and the iron fields were made known to the world. A large part of the gold in that district is found in connection with the iron, although more than a hundred years went by before we have any records of the iron's being turned into use. Along about the beginning of the last century, each gold mine was producing its own iron, some of them using the ordinary blacksmith's forge, and at that time a little smelting plant was established which



Looking for diamonds in Minas Geraes.

smelting, and it is a question whether any such can be found in Brazil.

Iron ore is found in every Brazilian State. One of the fields in Minas, which is more than fifty miles long, is crossed by the Central Railroad, and the Leopoldino Railroad passes by other great beds. In the State of Parana there is a great deposit of ore which is only three miles from a seaport, and ore in large quantities is known to exist in Sao Paulo and Santa Catharina.

### Two Kinds of Iron Ore.

The iron ores of Brazil are of two distinct types. The magnetite ores are found in several States. They are of small importance, occurring only as scattered deposits. The hematite ores are found chiefly in Minas Geraes. They occupy the south-central part of the State, and the principal beds are within a territory 100 miles long and sixty miles wide. It is in this region that the electric furnace is operating, and it is here that the enormous beds that I



Diamond hunting in slavery days.

turned out iron at the rate of about 100 pounds per day. Later still the whole of the mining district was dotted with little furnaces, and about the time of our Civil War, 1864, as many as 120 were still in operation."

### Brazil's Great Meteorite.

It is Dr. Orville Derby that brought the great meteorite from the State of Bahia to Rio de Janeiro. This meteorite is the largest in any museum. It is more than seven feet long, almost five feet in width, and its weight when it fell was about 12,000 pounds. It was first discovered in 1784, and the following year an attempt was made to convey it to the town of Bahia by means of a truck built for the purpose. It took the men three days to load it, and eighty oxen dragged it a distance of 1500 feet to the bed of a stream near by, where they had to abandon it. There it lay for about twenty-five years, when Mr. Mornay, an Englishman, found it resting in a bed of rust.



Hydraulic mining.











By M. V. Hartman.

## The City and the Home Beautiful.

*By Ernest Braunton.*

## Dahlia Display.

HANDSOME SPECIMENS HEREABOUTS  
AS WELL AS ELSEWHERE.

**V**ISITORS to the expositions are loud in their praises of dahlias shown at both San Francisco and San Diego, and many express surprise when told that we have some "about as good" right at home. Dahlias require, for their best development, a cool, moist air. So that during our hottest months these flowers will prove somewhat disappointing, while at the same season in the much cooler and more humid atmosphere of San Francisco, they will thrive gloriously.

But bide a wee. Beginning on the 23rd of this month, and running a full week, there will be a flower show on Broadway, in the building formerly occupied by the Boston Store, opposite the City Hall, that will show dahlias galore—and then some. They may be seen in several distinct classes of every possible hue, and will range in size from the prim pommies and dainty dwarf singles up to the self-estimated size of the grower's hatband, perhaps (her) waistband. Over in Pasadena, where all flower shows are of the highest order, may be seen during the next three days of the same week, other dahlias, from other gardens, that will give you still further insight to the glories of local dahlias. There is no place on the Pacific Coast where more kinds are grown than in local territory. The key to success lies in planting the first lot so early in the spring that the blossoms will come before hot weather, and then planting a second lot so late that they will bloom with the 'mums. In garden practice the plants may bear an early crop, be rested during summer, cut back, well fed, and a fall crop obtained.

### Planting Season.

**S**OON the season of planting trees and shrubs will open and many will meet it with well-balanced judgment. This is written for the few who lack it, or who, for some reason, do not appear to possess it. It may be that lack of time and opportunity are deterrents to planting at proper time. Too many do all planting at one time, without regard to the needs of the plants.

Hardy trees and shrubs in balls and boxes may be planted now as well as at any time, but citrus and other trees and shrubs of a tropic or semi-tropic nature are best planted several months later—March is early enough. A safe rule for deciduous trees is to plant in January, though the risk in earlier planting is not to be taken too seriously. The superintendent of Riverside's largest citrus orchards once said to the writer: "Look at that block of fine young navels. It was planted in November, too. We had little to do then and our outlook for along about April 1, when I should prefer to plant, was for a busy time, so we put them out, but the soil is very light and they have done splendidly."

The time to plant is when plants are ready to grow; not in the top, but in the roots. When planted in cold soil, a hot spell may come that will tease a leafy growth from the plant that will be supported solely from stored-up energy present in body and chopped-off roots, while no root movement to replace or reinforce this wasted energy will occur until the soil is warm enough to induce the same, often months later. Such cases may be likened to a man who will exhaust all his physical energies at the beginning of a fast, knowing full well (as he should) that such activity should be postponed until he can get, once more, "three squares a day."

German Iris "Lorelei."

**W**HILE the local market is well supplied with irises of every hue, and there is range enough for all there is, no other so pleases the writer for striking colors as *Lorelei*. The ground color is yellow, with heavy etchings of purple, shading off to deep solid purple on the tips of the petals that are called falls, while the standards or upright petals are pure yellow. Is not that a most fascinating combination of color?



GERMAN IRIS "LORELEI."

### A Youthful Horticulturist.

**I**N AN issue of The Times about a week ago there appeared a note of the sale of the Stough ranch near Burbank, the seller being a youth of 98 and much given to horticultural pursuits. The writer now has before him a photograph of Mr. Stough, taken in his garden two years ago, and in vigorous handwriting beneath occurs "96 years young." Just a year ago this month the writer spent several hours with Mr. Stough in the city of San Diego, where this sturdy youngster of 98 has a very fine garden in which he takes a keen interest. At a banquet in the Hotel U. S. Grant he responded to a toast on horticulture with as full an appreciation of the present, and hope of the future, as any of "us kids"—said gardening and plant life in general had so engaged and held his attention that he had overlooked the opportunity to grow old. His advice was to stay outdoors and stir the soil.

### Fall Flower Festival.

**D**URING the last week of the present month, Los Angeles is to enjoy a flower show that will cover the greatest floor space of any ever held in Southern California. While it will be given during the height of the chrysanthemum season, it will by no means be an exclusive flower show, for there has already been secured the two largest displays of ornamental plants ever seen here. The one from H. E. Huntington's estate will surpass in magnificence, too, any witnessed on the Pacific Coast. The general interior floral decorations will likewise be on the same elaborate plane, and, altogether, we will have an exhibition that will go down in history as "the greatest ever." On the last three days of the same week all should visit the Pasadena flower show to be held in Central Park just south of the Hotel Green. No one ever left one of these shows without feeling that the admission fee had proved a wise investment.

**American Academy of Arborists.**

NEW YORK CITY is official headquarters for an organization bearing this title, and a most exclusive membership, for, be it known to all men (we presume women are barred) that "this is not a society to which any one may belong who contributes a membership fee," but one wherein the members may feel justly proud of their certificate of membership. The ordinary tree-lover will, therefore, be up a tree, figuratively speaking, for which reason we will not ask for a local branch, for here, where the trees of the whole world find a home, we must include in the membership all who will join.

### Propagating Avocados.

**S**OMEONE asks: "May avocados be propagated from cuttings?"

They may; the writer has done it many years ago. This method was first called to the writer's attention a score of years ago by F. C. Yeomans, at present a banker of Long Beach. It is an easy job, and one would think the problem of perpetuating desirable varieties would end right there. But the present writer has yet to see a robust plant grown from a cutting; the root system does not develop, and the plant is weakly.

There is no other method of propagation so satisfactory as that of budding, and this may be done whenever the bark will slip easily. Budding is one of the most rapidly performed methods of artificial propagation. Choose seedling trees not of less diameter than a lead pencil and bud with an inverted T incision. In taking the bud from wood of same or somewhat greater diameter, cut a chip of the old wood with the bud and bark, for this chip contains the foundation of the bud. Tie in the bud with waxed cloth, raffia, soft string or anything that will prove effective in holding the bud securely and exclude the air. As soon as the buds have united with the stock the strings should be cut, or, as there is some danger of the buds being forced out, it will be best to untie, so pressure will be relieved, and retie. After union is assured, cut back the top, not wholly, but largely, and when the bud has started vigorously cut off stock smooth close above the bud, put in a small stake and carefully tie the young shoot to it.

## The Best Spray for Pests.

**I**NSPECTOR EDUOART of the Los Angeles Horticultural Commission, an able and long-experienced fighter of insect pests in orchard and garden, gives us the following as the latest and best:

An effective spray for ornamentals may be made by dissolving three ounces of Gold Dust washing powder in one gallon of warm water, adding three to five ounces of engine distillate No. 2, of forty-five to forty-seven degrees specific gravity. On Kentia palms and similar plants use three and one-half ounces of the distillate, increasing the amount according to the hardness of the foliage. Mealy bugs and scales are destroyed by this spray that do not succumb to others. For ground infestation, dissolve one ounce of Gold Dust in each gallon of water used and add kilscale emulsion at the rate of one part to ten parts of the water. This preparation does not injure the roots of ornamental trees and shrubs, and is also safe on many more tender plant roots, but avoid getting it on foliage.

**Largest-seeded Plant.**

**S**EEDS more than seven inches long by four and seven-tenths inches broad, growing in pots nearly ten inches in length, have been collected by Mr. Henry Pittier from a tree he discovered during his recent botanical exploration of Panama. This tree is known to the natives as Alcornoque, and Mr. Pittier has given it the name of *Dimorphandra megistosperma*. The species name has reference to these seeds, which exceed in size those of any other known dicotyledonous plant. The wood from the tree is said to be better than any other for structures kept permanently under sea water.

### Prickly Hedges.

**A** CORRESPONDENT wants to know what to use for a prickly hedge, and if there is any variety of such plants. Sure thing, there is. *Acacia armata*, *Berberis Darwinii*, *Cotoneaster angustifolia*, several species of *Elaeagnus*, *Lycium horridum*, *Prunus ilicifolia*, *Ulex Europaeus*. Any of these will do well in Southern California, and there are many more. If it were not somewhat rare, and therefore costly, *Ruscus aculeatus* would make the most beautiful most effective low hedge of anything we grow in local gardens.

**A California Maple.**

"ONE of the handsomest of all maples," is what may well be said of Acer.

macrophyllum, the Oregon broad-leaved maple. In its wild condition it becomes a tall tree, sixty to eighty feet in height, but when in open situations it is described as being a tree such as our Philadelphia specimen, here photographed, represents—broad topped and well furnished to the ground. In a general way this maple approaches the European sycamore maple, *A. Pseudoplatanus*, closer than any other. The foliage is similar, only larger, and the seeds are borne in large, drooping clusters, the same as the sycamore maple. They are covered with minute small hairs which, getting between the fingers when handled, irritate the flesh very much. Seedsmen who handle the seeds of this maple are well aware of this character. This tree may be found growing in local canyons, in fact, between Echo Mountain and Alpine Tavern, but it does not attain such a size as it does in Oregon for it thrives best under humid conditions, therefore is known as Oregon maple.

### Aromatic Avocados

**D**OWN in the State of Vera Cruz, Mex., there grows an avocado of rather small size, but of unusual delicate and pleasing flavor, having foliage on the same tree possessed of an equally agreeable aroma, and used by the Mexicans to flavor foods. Our correspondent writes that the local popular name is "Aguacate oloroso," and that it ripens there in April, which is much earlier than any other variety. It comes true from seed and fruits at 3 years of age (in Vera Cruz.) There is little doubt but this variety is tropical in its requirements, and would therefore not prove hardy enough for Southern California. Nevertheless, it will be given a trial here, and our readers will some day receive authentic reports on its hardness and general fitness for local territory.

### A Tropical Palm Pest.

**T**HE ravages of the rhinoceros beetle, commonly known as the cocoanut beetle, are increasing. It originally was brought in 1909 in the sacking surrounding the roots of rubber plants imported from Ceylon. Various methods have been tried for its extinction, but so far with no appreciable result, for in the infested district of German Samoa 50 per cent. of the palms are dead and a larger percentage afflicted from the attacks of this pest. It is not, so far, extended to American Samoa, and every precaution has been taken to prevent it.

### Rapid-growing Vines.

**C** J. N. wishes a list of vines that will most quickly form a cover, whether annual or perennial. Japanese Kuzu, Scarlet Runner Bean, Morning Glory, Hop Vine, Chayote and others of the gourd family. Any of these will qualify in double-quick time and prove satisfactory if but a mere screen is desired.

## Nurserymen Florists

100,000 people will visit the Broadway Automobile and Flower Show, October 23 to 30, at the Boston Store Building, opposite City Hall.

Entries for the 42 cups to be awarded in the flower competition assure a wonderful display of cut flowers and plants. You should embrace this golden opportunity to show these visitors what you produce. For particulars as to space, apply to J. S. Conwell, Boston Store Building.

**FOR FIGHTING FIRE USE  
GARSTANG GRASS BURNER**

**For the city lot owner, or rancher. Designed solely for fighting dangerous and useless brush and weeds. Clears off city lots or vacant acreage. Kills the seed of weeds and rank vegetation at the right season. Safe, inexpensive and an efficient safeguard against accidental fires. Burns oil, distillate or gasoline. Prices on application.**



THE gasoline fishing fleet were string-  
ing out from the inner harbor of San  
Pedro, scurrying past Dead Man's Is-  
land, and bearing away to port toward the  
end of the breakwater, beyond which lay  
the open sea.  
"Maybe he didn't understand the game,"  
said.  
"I caught no fish at all."  
Instead it only got worse. Sure the lad  
Grand gentleman to the fishin' wharf, and  
a stone. And then one day come a fine,  
care in me breast, and me heart was like  
them days, and for years I carried the dull  
ask her. Faith, me hair turned gray in  
for the Irish pride of him was for sailin'  
right by without a glance at the vessel at  
all. So she must hurry up with a equal  
to upset the boat, and knock him on the  
head with an oar that the men from the  
vessel may pull him in, her wringin' her  
hands the while and waitin' for her

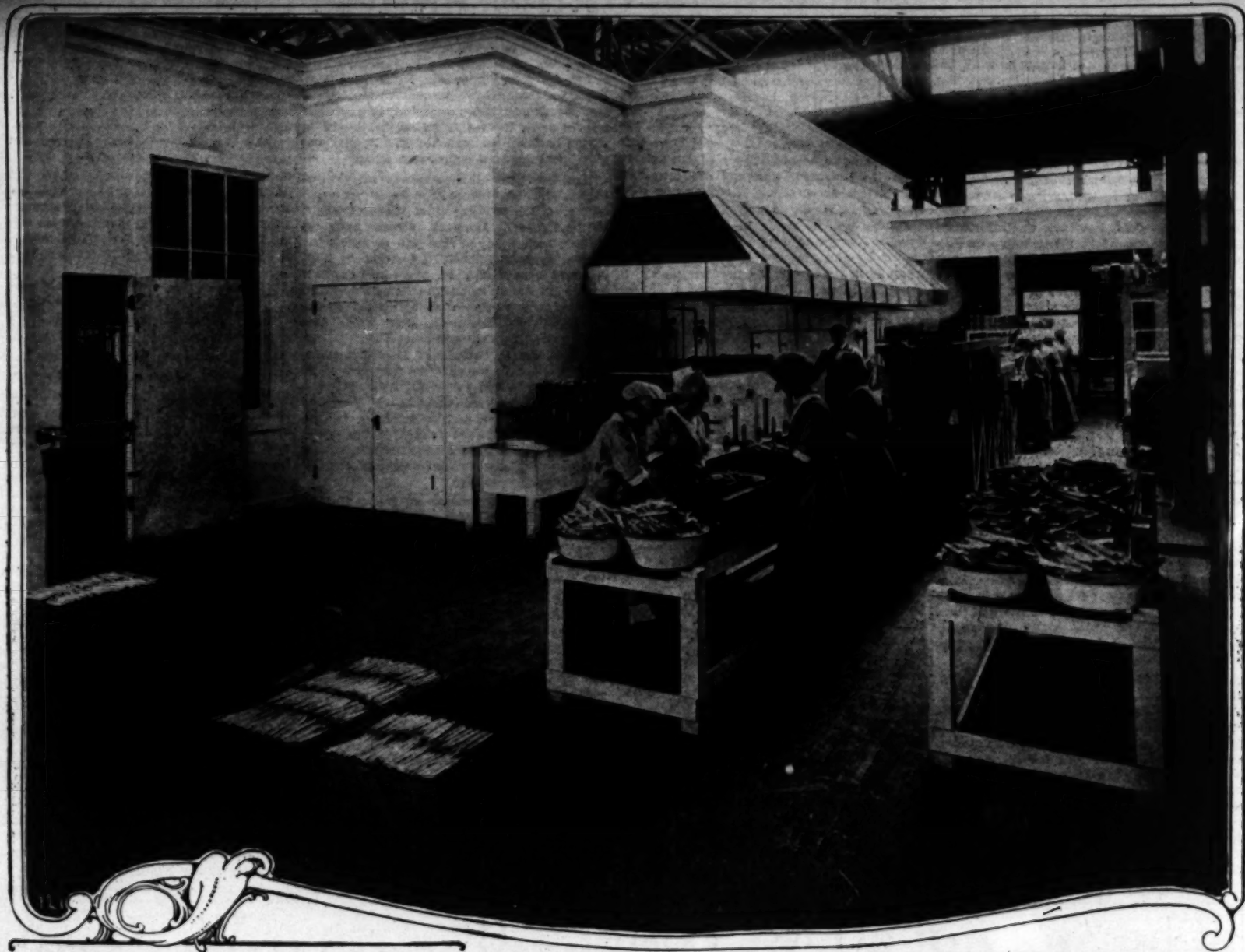
## A DEFIANCE.

# Skipper Clancy Tells of the Pranks of Fate.

By Drummond Graves.

[Saturday, October 16, 1915.]

Sorting Asparagus, Palace of Horticulture, San Francisco.



The National Cannery Association of Washington, D. C., a general welding of fruit and vegetable canners all over the country whose main idea is the development to perfection of the canning industry with an idea of perfect reciprocity between grower, canner and the buying public, drew a grand prize for their very attractive model cannery at the Panama-Pacific International Exposition. A. W. Bitting, expert chemist and manufacturer, Washington, D. C., is in charge of the exhibit, which is one of the best educative demonstrations on the grounds of the exposition at San Francisco.

Every day since the opening of the exposition the canning of fruits and vegetables has been going on. Every detail from the beginning to the end in canning processes is carried on, the daily output being about 2500 cans.

The main reason for this exhibit, which was put in at an enormous cost, was the education of the housewife. Here she learns that a cannery is nothing but a large community kitchen which gives better results at less cost than individual preserving in one's own kitchen.

The fruit is brought in from the farms and orchards in large standard boxes, constructed so that they may be set one on top of another without touching the contents. The fruit is sorted and picked by hand, as no machine has yet been invented which can perform these duties without injury to the skin of the fruit. After they have been sorted and graded according to size and the blemished ones relegated to the garbage can, they are sorted for size on a machine composed of a metal platform perforated in

several dimensions. This platform moves back and forth, the fruit passing through the different openings and passing into basins, where they are thoroughly washed and cleaned. The largest plums run eight to the can, the medium, eleven, and the smallest fourteen or fifteen. This applies to all solid fruit. After they are placed in the open tins they are run on a moving platform under a machine composed of a syrup container and a filling appliance. The syrup is made in the container and runs from fifty-five pounds of sugar to forty-five pounds of water up to forty pounds of sugar to sixty pounds of water, according to the individuality of the fruit. The syrup is boiled and filtered in the container, after which it passes through the fillers into the cans. After the filler leaves the can it tips backward, so that any excess syrup will be returned to the container. The cans are then run on a platform into the exhaust box or heater, where they are slowly heated to a temperature of 175 degrees. Here is where the efficiency of the cannery overtops that of the home kitchen. In the home the temperature is acquired quickly and irregularly and often runs beyond the two hundred mark. This is the cause of broken-skinned preserves. In the cannery it takes seven and a half minutes to acquire the temperature of 175 degrees.

After the cans come from the exhaust box they are conveyed under the capping machine, which hems the covers on instead of soldering them. This is done by very high pressure, so that there is little or no danger or leakage. The loss by leakage averages two cans to the thousand.

From the capper into the cooker is the next process. The cooker is a most interesting device. It is a cylindrical container with a rotating series of shelves on the inside. The cans pass into these shelves and are turned around and around until they have been thoroughly cooked for about seven and a half minutes. When they arrive at the proper state they pass through a door and out again upon the moving platform which carries them into the cooler constructed exactly like the cooker. Here they are treated to a rhythmical stream of cold water. After this they are run into the labelling machine and boxed.

The cannery occupies an enormous space in the economic section of the Palace of Horticulture and has attracted more women than any other single exhibit at the exposition. The women who wash, pick and sort the fruit are clad in daintiest of blue and white summer gowns, with charming white caps. The fittings are all in white and the tiled floors are kept wonderfully clean. Mr. Bitting and his wife, who is the chemist for the concern, are in constant supervision and their care has been such that it is bound to increase the desire for preserved fruits and vegetables. Thus far every vegetable and fruit known in the temperate zone have been canned. Later in the season, when the tropical countries have landed their exports at our gates, there will be other interesting processes.

The best part of this exhibit is that it is not done to increase the sales of any corporation or for any commercial reason. It is done simply to educate the public at large in the ways of canning vegetables and fruits

and to demonstrate that it is time-saving, money-saving and health producing to buy vegetables preserved according to the latest scientific and culinary methods. This exhibit deserves a prize for one thing, if for nothing else—it lifts a great burden from the shoulders of the housewife of moderate means who has heretofore felt in duty bound to grow tired, cross and inefficient during the summer months by spending about three-quarters of her time in the kitchen when out-of-doors is calling to her.

## Lost Under New York.

[Harper's Magazine:] A woman from the South, visiting New York for the first time, was much agitated when, after being conveyed through the Hudson tube, she found herself in another subway. Rushing up to a knowing-looking individual, she asked, in an agitated tone:

"Sir, do please tell me where is New York?"

"Lady," said he, with the utmost gravity, "it's right at the top of those stairs."

## Some Names.

\* [New York World:] Cheeshahteoumuck has scored two Harvard records which bid fair to stand for generations to come. "Cheese" is the only pure-blooded Indian who can boast a Harvard degree, and he has the longest surname of the 7967 living Harvard alumni.

Aab of Siam, a recent graduate, lacks a handle to his name, and consequently he is first choice for the shortest name.

Swiss yodlers would hail with delight a chance to harmonize to such names as Ho, Hu, Ju, Li, Lo and Ma, the names of Japanese graduates.

Fall, winter, spring and summer are catalogued, as are South, West, North and East.

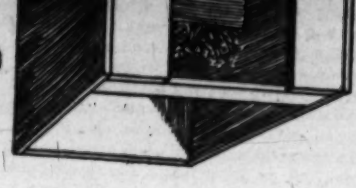
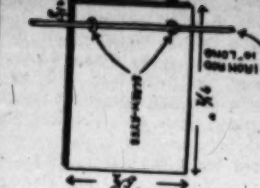


Amateur fancier, Pasadena, writes to know what are the carbonaceous and what are nitrogenous poultry foods.

The former are the grains, such as wheat, corn, potatoes and other starchy foods, while the latter are animal foods, beans, clover, alfalfa, etc.

Commercial Breeder, Los Angeles, writes for information touching on the food cost of Oregon Red.

Los Angeles, writes to know why the single-comb varieties of the same breeds possess a popularity over the rose-combs?



**THE OREGON INVENTION.**

E. Dryden, in which he described a practical and low-cost trap nest that cost only a few cents to make.

The Oregon Experiment Station has issued a bulletin by Prof. James H. Dryden, in which he described a practical and low-cost trap nest that cost only a few cents to make.

This is all the more gratifying from the fact that there are several patented trap nests on the market, all of which are more or less costly. The Oregon Red, can be made by the Oregon Experiment Station.

## A Low-cost Home-made Trap Nest.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

He advises planting about twenty pounds of seed to the acre. If any of our readers have grown this plant, we should like to have their experience with it.

A. P. S., Los Angeles, writes to know why the single-comb varieties of the same breeds possess a popularity over the rose-combs?

We candidly admit that we know of no reason why this is so, excepting it being that individual taste governs in the selection of one over the other. The single combs, having commanded the widest attention, it is barely possible that they have been "bred up" to a point where on an average, each up to about 1000 in number.

judgment that a strain of rose combs of any given breed can be made to produce equally with the single combs. Rose-comb varieties are, however, in all breeds, less popular than single combs.

From Far and Near.

November 16 has been designated as "Poultrymen's Day" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

Eggs going up, prices of grain feeds going down; what more do the breeders want in the daily market reports?

Readers of poultry literature are more or less fanciers, because there are indeed but few people where one breed and variety is just as attractive as another.

The poultry show at the New York State Fair contained over 9000 individual specimens, of which 5400 were standard-bred fowl. And yet there are those who claim that the interest in poultry shows is declining.

The breed designated as "Oregon" in the P. P. egg-laying contest consists of a cross

The latest new variety in the Wyandotte is called the spanned, the idea being to put the color scheme of the Spangled Hamburg into the type of the Wyandotte.

Experiments in feeding different materials at the Virginia Experiment Station give a value of 1 per cent. per pound for milk when fed to laying hens.

The necessity for feeding green food to hens is explained in the fact that grain alone cannot supply the mineral salts that are essential to the health of poultry.

## Bourbon Red Turkeys. By M. M. Stearns.

**RAPID ADVANCE.**

THERE is no more striking illustration of the possibilities in turkey development than the growth during the last few years of the breed of Bourbon Red Turkeys, and their rise to popularity.

A dozen years ago there was no such breed as Bourbon Red. Today Bourbons constitute one of the best known breeds of turkeys, ranking in point of popularity only behind the Bronze and White Holland, and always pushing the latter hard for second place, while the Narragansetts have been relegated to the fourth position.

Reds are a medium-weight breed, with exceedingly deep, full breasts, affording an unusual amount of the meat that constitutes a turkey's most valuable asset, determining to a great extent the price that they will bring on the market. They are relatively hardy and striking in appearance, the ideal birds of the breed being a dark chestnut red in color, with pure white wings and tail. Perhaps their most distinctive feature is their tameness; they are unusually domestic birds, and can, if desired, be raised in such a way that even though turned out to range, they will remain almost as close to home as a flock of Leghorn hens.

This tameness, which is increasing with each generation of the breed, is due in no little measure to the condition under which the Bourbons have been developed. For the most part, the birds are still handled by the fanciers who had much to do with securing recognition for them as a separate variety of turkeys by the American Poultry Association, and as show birds they have received far more care and handling than the ordinary flocks of scrub turkeys, running half-wild on range.

That as valuable a breed as the Bourbons have been developed in so short a time from undersized, scrub yellow turkeys seems little short of marvelous, and shows what might be done with other breeds at present neglected. Development of other known varieties to a higher standard of showiness and utility, as well as the production of other new breeds, valuable for particular purposes, will probably do more to make turkey raising more profitable and so promote the industry throughout this country than any other one thing that can be mentioned.

J. F. Barbee, now of Monticello, Ark., but formerly a resident of Kentucky, is probably the first man who saw the possibilities of the so-called wild yellow turkeys of Kentucky. He began breeding for a new variety in the early '90's, working up through selective breeding, to larger, darker and more strikingly marked birds. He advertised his turks first as "Bourbon Butternuts" and later as "Bourbon Reds," taking the "Bourbon" from his native county of Kentucky, and the "Red" from the color of the birds, to distinguish them from the lighter turks of the Kentucky mountains, that were clearly buff or yellowish.

In order to secure greater size than his original stock possessed, he made occasional crosses with Bronze turkeys, which constituted then, even more than at present, the largest and strongest known breed of domestic turkeys. Unquestionably this Bronze crossing did much to further his aim in securing darker plumage for the new breed, as well as to build the variety up, as was intended, in the matter of size.

It is interesting to note that the birds from which the Bourbons sprang, the "Little Wild Yellow Turkeys" of the Kentucky and Tennessee mountains, as they were commonly called, were in all probability themselves merely a cross of scrub do-



**BOURBON RED GOBBLER.**

Though a prize-winner in Los Angeles four years ago, this bird would today be disqualified as an inferior specimen.

mesticated turkeys that had reverted to a wild condition. The only true wild turkeys ordinarily mentioned in any scientific ornithological writings are three—the Wild North American turkey, with which we are so familiar from its resemblance to the Bronze, the Mexican turkey, which, in its natural wild state, more nearly approximates the marking of the domesticated Narragansett breed, and the Honduran or Ocellated turkey, with which in this country we are almost entirely unacquainted, and which seems far more closely allied to the family of peacocks than either of the other varieties of wild turkeys.

Specimens of these true wild varieties, particularly the North American and the Mexican, were taken to England early in the sixteenth century, and from them various breeds of domestic turkeys gradually developed. Some of these English varieties were brought back to America years later, and by crossing back to the North American wild turks formed our present American breeds of domestic turkeys—with the exception of the new Bourbons. Unquestionably one of the less-cared-for strains of barnyard birds, probably Buffs, furnished the ancestors of the "wild yellow" turkeys of the Alleghenies.

We have a parallel case in the so-called "Wild Black" turkeys of Arizona—a small hardy breed, now commonly thought to be a genuine wild turkey, that unquestionably sprang from a run-down strain of the larger black turkeys of the East—in their turn descended from the Black Norfolk turkeys of England, and from them harking back to the original wild North American birds. The Arizona blacks, unlike those of the East, have black shanks and bills; most of the larger eastern blacks now have beaks and legs colored a purplish pink, similar to that of the light-colored breeds. Needless to say, the hardy little Arizona birds furnish every bit as good a breed to experiment with as did the wild yellow turkeys of Kentucky.

It was largely through the efforts of Mrs. M. M. Brown of Appleton City, Mo., that the Bourbon Reds finally secured recognition of the A. P. A. and so got their real chance. After corresponding with the A. P. A. officials, she exhibited her Reds three different seasons at recognized A. P. A. shows, and finally secured their inclusion in the American Standard of Perfection.

Meanwhile, working with Mrs. G. W. Price of Belmont, O., Mrs. Brown organized, in

1907, the National Bourbon Red Turkey Club. This organization has had, since its inception, the interests of the breed of Bourbon Reds in its care, and it is due in no little measure to the aims that it has advocated for the breed that the present high standard of Reds has been reached. Today the club includes in its membership list of active Bourbon Red breeders something like fifty individuals, many of whom devote all their poultry time to the single variety of turkeys.

Thus the development of the present standard Reds, the tame, full-breasted, attractive market turkey that are now forging to the front in the matter of popularity, originated largely with the experimental selective breeding of a single Kentucky turkey raiser, working with crosses between small, hardy turkeys and the large domestic Bronzes, and was completed through an organization of breeders working for a common goal. This second and final stage in the growth of the breed allowed dozens of breeders of Reds, in all parts of the country, to help out the development of the breed through constantly selecting and breeding from birds that conformed to the newly-accepted Red standard.

One thing, however, should be especially noted. Except for the first few years, when Kentucky turkey raisers alone were experimenting with the new "Butternuts," the development of the breed has been largely in the hands of those who kept the show-qualities of the bird pretty firmly in mind, rather than the utility qualities alone. This has resulted in the gradual deterioration of the birds from a standpoint of hardiness alone, even while it was resulting in the advancement along lines of beauty of plumage. Unquestionably today the Reds are still as hardy as almost any other breed of turkeys—inferior, in that regard, let us say, only to Bronzes, Blacks and Narragansetts, and only slightly inferior at that; but there seems to be little doubt, on the other hand, that they might have been even more vigorous than they are.

Here in Southern California, where conditions for raising turkeys are as near ideal as can be found anywhere, we should be on the alert for the possibilities, not only of advancing the breeds already in existence, but for developing new breeds as well. The small black Arizona turkeys already mentioned are a bet that should not be overlooked; it seems more than likely that these relatively small, buzzard-like birds at present

ent constitute about the most hardy tribe of turkeys in existence, not even excepting the big wild North American variety. Buffs, although at present little known here, are another breed that contains almost limitless possibilities, as with greater hardiness than any of the other light-colored breeds, they combine good size, fine flavor of meat and so on. There has not yet been developed any light-feathered breed of particular hardiness, and it is not improbable that in the future the Buffs, which are doubtless in large measure the progenitors of the Bourbon Reds, will come to be one of the most useful and popular varieties of turkeys.

**Brave Old Rudolph.**

[Youth's Companion:] The letter of a French soldier, a translation of which appeared in an English paper, gives us a glimpse of the brighter side of war. The writer tells how the Germans assaulted the French in their trench and were repulsed. They left many dead, and one alive and unharmed, who, although alone and deserted, was still fighting bravely. A French soldier was about to transfix him with his bayonet when one of his comrades thrust the weapon aside, and in admiration of the German's fighting grit tackled him and took him prisoner. He was fat and bald-headed, and in answer to the question put to him said his name was Rudolph. The sound of his surname brought laughter, and his captor said:

"Ah, well, my old Rudolph, you're a brave fellow. Return to your comrades and tell them that we know a brave soldier when we see one."

Fearing that he was to become the object of a grim joke — and perhaps to be shot in the back—he hesitated, when one of the French soldiers, pushing him forward, said:

"Go on, you'll not be harmed."

Rudolph lifted his hands above his head and returned to his trench.

Fresh French troops arrived to relieve their comrades, and they were told about Rudolph. The following day, when firing had ceased for a time, the newcomers shouted across to the German trenches to inquire whether Rudolph were still living.

"Ja! Ja!" was the response.

"Show yourself, then, Rudolph!" they cried out. "We are newcomers. We have heard of your bravery and want to see you."

Rudolph's head bobbed up above the trench wall and grinning, he removed his helmet, patted his bald head, bowed and disappeared.

The French soldiers gave him three cheers, and one of them remarked admiringly, "I hope we may not kill him, for he is a brave chap, that old Rudolph."

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## Skipper Clancy Tells of the Pranks of Fate.

By Drummond Graves.

### A DEFIANCE.

THE gasoline fishing fleet were stringing out from the inner harbor of San Pedro, scurrying past Dead Man's Island, and bearing away to port toward the end of the breakwater, beyond which lay the open sea.

"The bank's coming up pretty solid this evening," I remarked to the skipper of the Mermaid, upon which I was supercargo.

Clancy swept his eye around the horizon. "It'll be thick tonight, sir. Ye do be the devil himself to raise weather, Doc. D'ye mind the last time ye came with me—the old Merrymaid near stood on her head endways in the gale that come up so sudden the day? Ye must carry a black cat with ye, and walk under nothin' but ladders."

"Are you superstitious, Clancy?" I asked. "In a manner of speakin', yes, and then again, no. For a while I just made a light remark about cats and ladders, sir; 'tis not meself would be carlin' for all the ladders and cats in Pedro. 'Tis not that foolish kind I am."

"But you are superstitious?" Clancy removed his cap and disclosed his iron-gray hair. "I have lived a long time in this world, sir—that's me answer. But only in a large way, d'ye mind. Fate is Fate, says I, and the life of a man is a small thing to her, but such as it is, 'tis ruled, Doc—and that's all there is to it."

"We're puppets, then," I asked, "driven here and there as Fate wills?"

"There ye're wrong. For Fate is a peculiar old lady, sir. She tells us where to go, and some times she's better pleased if we go just the opposite direction."

"That can't be, Clancy. If you believe in Fate, you have to believe her sway is iron-clad. If Fate will a man to do anything, it would be absolutely impossible for him to do anything else."

"It would, would it?" retorted Clancy belligerently. "Now answer me a question, Doc. Is not Fate a she, and was there ever a she from Mother Eve down, who couldn't be cozened a bit by the right lad, and he has the brave spirit in him? The ladies love the rebels, sir."

"Maybe ladies do," I returned, "but not Fate."

"Now ye are wrong again, Doc, and I can prove it by me friend, Larry Callahan."

"Well, what about Callahan?" I asked, settling back comfortably.

"'Twas in the early days of Pedro, sir, before the gasoline boats came in and spoiled the romance of fishin'. Them were grand days, sir."

"How long ago was this?" I asked.

"Manny years, sir. I disremember the date, but 'tis no matter. 'Twould be the same today—or tomorrow. As I was sayin', this Larry Callahan was a likely lad, as fine a broth of a boy as ye would find on the Coast then, or at any time. But Fate was against him; he could not get ahead at all, an' one trouble come pilin' on top of another, what, with his mother dyin'—a fine woman was old Biddy Callahan—and his father marryin' again with a woman of no great account. And the devil of a time she led poor Larry, till with his unhappiness he must needs be leavin' home, for stand it he could not at all."

"How old was he?"

"Twelve, sir—and it was the start of all his bad luck. Well, the lad went to fishin' with Danny Lynch, a fine man in every way, and if he'd lived all would have been different, but he died of a bad cold—pneumonia, the doctors called it, likin' long names. So there was young Larry without a job, and already the other lads were beginnin' to note his bad luck, and some of the elders, too, and when the boy got a job in a grocery store, and it burned down, there was a general shakin' of heads, and the more superstitious begun to shun the boy a trifle—nothin' marked, d'ye mind, but just here and there, as ye might say."

"Well, sir, I'll not tire ye enumeratin' all the other jobs the boy had, and how he lost each one of them through no fault of his own. But one day he comes with his face shinin' and it seems a friend has lent him enough to buy a dory and gear, and so he is to be a fisherman on his own hook. Well, ye may well believe there wasn't a dry eye

in the fleet the day that young Larry started out on his first cruise, for all of them loved the boy. And mark ye, sir, we all thought that it was the end of the bad luck, and instead it only got worse. Sure the lad could catch no fish at all."

"Maybe he didn't understand the game," I said.

"Sure and wasn't we all there to teach him? No, 'twas not that. I meself went out time and again in the Bridget C. and never a fish could I catch. 'Twas bad luck, sir, and nothing else. And to make it worse, the other lads started jibin' him as lads, such bein' the savagery of man to man, though they meant by it nothin' at all."

"How old was Larry at this time?"

"Nineteen, sir, and for seven years he had not been able to get ahead at all, and yet he was always the hard worker, and with a head on his shoulders at that. And now, in the depths of his discouragement, he begun to be fearin' signs and omens and such like, until he had not much time for the fishin' anyway. 'Twas sad to see him, sir, hesitatin' to put to sea because a black cat had crossed his path the day. And 'twas sad to hear him sayin' that ye can't beat Fate, and that no man was better than his luck. I did my best to cheer the lad up, and what with us bein' together a bit, him bein' grateful-like, I meself begun to be pulled down till I begun watchin' the flight of the birds with the best of them."

"Now, 'twas not money, d'ye mind, with the lad, for at all times he made a livin', and had he not, sure he knew the way to me own place either for a bed or board or a bit of change did he need it. No, 'twas the pride of him, what with the other lads goin' ahead, and belike gettin' married to the fine young gals, and having their babies on their knee; and him bein' so ashamed of his bad luck he couldn't even look at a gal. And mark ye, sir, 'tis a sad thing in life that them that has cause to be ashamed never are, but here is this good, fine lad sick with shame, feelin' himself to be a failure."

"Manny's the time I would say to him: 'Larry,' says I, 'ye have nothin' to be ashamed of,' says I: 'ye are a fine, clean lad with a straight record. Ye should be proud,' says I. Says he: 'Ye may talk, Tom Clancy. But it's yourself must be always first to the fishin' grounds, and come home with the biggest catch, and 'tis yourself has gone steady up from the days of your childhood,' says he."

"And what could I say to him, sir? For 'twas true: there is something in us lads of spirit that cannot abide second place at all, and the tail end is like to kill us. And there come the day when no words of mine could lighten the heart of him, and he sets there with his face growin' darker and darker, and at least he got up and 'twas terrible to see the sad eyes of him. 'Tis no use, Tom Clancy,' says he, 'Fate's beat me—I might as well be dead.'

"'Twas the first time he'd come out open and said what I could see in his mind, and the cold shivers run over me, and I sat there knowin' not what to say, when me tongue picked words out of the air—sure me brain would work not at all, bein' stunned-like—and I found meself sayin': 'Larry, 'tis the same thing your grandfather said—barrin' that about Fate—when he was surrounded by the dirty red-coats back in the old country. Says he, "'Tis no use; I might as well be dead; but,' says he, "'twill be an awful fight while I'm doin' it,'" says he. With that the lad turns and walks away."

"Was it true about his grandfather?" I asked.

"It was."

"Did he die?"

"He did—but like a man, and manny went first to show him the way."

Clancy stopped, and his eyes dwelt somberly on the distant fog bank. I waited. At last he sighed heavily.

"Sir, 'tis the part of the tale now that I am dreadin' to tell ye for 'tis among the saddest of me life, for the lad put off in his dory and come back not at all, and what with me cursin' meself for not speakin' with him longer, and with blamin' meself with the words I did say, I was like to be crazy, as Maggie can tell ye anny time ye should

ask her. Faith, me hair turned gray in them days, and for years I carried the dull care in me breast, and me heart was like a stone. And then one day come a fine, grand gentleman to the fishin' wharf, and asks for Tom Clancy. The word was passed along and I come up. 'What will ye have, sir?' I asks. 'I'll have ye to come to dinner with me, Tom Clancy,' says he. Then I looks at him sharp. 'How's saints,' says I, 'tis Larry Callahan.' 'Tis no other,' says he, and with that we gripped hands with the tears runnin' down our cheeks whether annybody would see or not. 'Tis that way with honest hearts, sir."

Clancy reached up furtively and wiped a tear from his eye. Then he smiled. "Sure, 'tis the great baby I am, but the memory of that happy minute is with me yet, sir. 'Twas nobody—save Maggie herself—knew what me heart had suffered in them intervenin' years."

"I can imagine," I said. "The boy should have written to you."

"Faith, 'tis a fact, but ye know how it is with the young ones, Doc."

I nodded. "And what happened to him, Clancy?"

"'Tis what I'm about to tell ye. But first, sir, take thought of your contentment that started the argument, and led me to tellin' ye about the lad at all. Says you, 'Fate pushes us as she pleases.' Says I, 'And 'tis better pleased she is sometimes if we won't go.'"

"I remember," I said.

"Well then—the lad, havin' gotten it into his head that Fate was bound on his destruction, was very down-hearted-like, as I was tellin' ye, and me chanst words about his grandad turned the mind of him down the new channel, and still he was yet in the old, a sort of straddlin' as ye might say—'tis hard to explain."

"Mixed motives," I suggested.

"The same. Says he to himself, 'Fate is agin me. But,' says he, 'I'm not afraid of her or anny one like her,' says he, 'and I'll test her out.' With that he deliberately breaks a looking-glass he carries in his pocket, looks at the moon over his wrong shoulder, and—"

"Was this at night, Clancy?"

"No, sir—I threw the moon in by way of effect ye might say—the rest is true. He ups and gets into his dory and heads straight out to sea with no water or provisions or nothin'. Right out to sea he goes with the trades on his port beam, and scornin' to run before them down the coast."

"Then there was a great commotion among old lady Fate and her waitin' maids. 'Bedad,' says she, 'look what I've done; I've gone too far,' says she. 'Here was I, only a devilin' the lad, and he's called me bluff,' says she."

"And the next step is to get herself out of the hole, for 'twas meanin' no harm at all she had been, and here was the lad headin' straight out to sea, with never a vessel in sight or one the old lady could hustle to his rescue, them bein' before the days of wireless, sir, and, as ye can see, 'twas a terrible pickle."

"Clancy," I said, "you have a vivid imagination."

"'Tis true, sir, but not in the way ye mean it. Me and Larry figgered it all out, and what I am givin' ye now is conclusions and not theories."

"I see."

"Well, as I said, the old lady is all upset and in a terrible panic, and, by strainin' her eyes, she does see a clipper ship bound from Frisco to New York, but it's already passin' the course the lad is steerin' some twenty miles farther on. Sure, there's no time to raise a storm and wreck the ship, and there's no time to do annything much, but the old lady does what occurs to her on the spur of the minute; she reaches down and snaps the foremast off short. Now d'ye mind, 'twas a perilous thing to do, for 'tis not for Fate to interfere in the affairs of men unless she can prove an alibi, and there was no decent wind blowin' to account for the accident. But she takes the chanst, and, what with the surprise of the captain and the terror of the crew, the vessel was hove to to repair damages, and pristinly comes the Irish lad a sailin' up. And then the old lady got another rap,

for the Irish pride of him was for sailin' right by without a glance at the vessel at all. So she must hurry up with a squall to upset the boat, and knock him on the head with an oar that the men from the vessel may pull him in, her wringin' her hands the while and cursin' them for their slowness. And the captain bein' a wise man and superstitious, keeps the lad clear to New York with him, despite the small stop at San Diego for a new mast, the which he got a better for less money at Pedro."

"Now d'ye mind the lad went into politics, and if he don't own the whole of New York at the pristin minute, 'tis on his way he is to it, what with his private car and yacht and everything the heart of him could wish for."

"Well, but Clancy," I objected, "you've proved my contention instead of your own. It was Fate that willed Larry to go to New York, Fate that discouraged him with fishin' in San Pedro, until he put to sea to be picked up by a passing ship which would take him there."

"Now ye are wrong, sir. The old lady wanted him to stay in Pedro to be pestered with her foolin', but when he ups and defies her—like anny other lady, she comes to time. 'Tis plain, sir, if ye will but look at it right."

A wisp of vapor blew into our faces.

"There comes the fog, sir, and I'll talk no more this night," said Clancy.

### World's Largest Arch.

HELL GATE BRIDGE HAS SPAN OF OVER A THOUSAND FEET.

[Philadelphia Record:] October 1 saw the completion of the great \$12,000,000 railroad bridge over Hell Gate, when the two halves of the largest steel arch in the world, which have slowly been growing out toward each other for many months, were joined. No ceremonies marked the event, though, from an engineering as well as a popular point of view, it was one of supreme interest. The bridge will close the last remaining gap in the line which is to link the metropolitan centers of the East from Washington to Boston, in an unbroken overland route of steel rails. The bridge will nominally be part of the New York Connecting Railroad; in practice it will be a means of extending the Pennsylvania system via its Long Island Railroad connections and via the New Haven Railroad into New England, and with the Boston & Maine to Quebec and the Maritime Provinces of Canada. The route at no point will be broken by a water gap requiring ferrriage. These aspects of the enterprise give it a national interest quite apart from its local interest as a means of intercommunication in the metropolitan district of New York.

As an engineering feat the steel arch across Hell Gate has few to equal it in the world; and the greatness of the feat is made the greater by the marvelous accuracy with which it was carried out. The distance spanned by the arch, between the mammoth concrete towers upon which its ends rest, is 1017 feet. In the fabrication of the arch 19,000 tons of steel were employed; yet the latest computations made by the engineers check up to within one-fourth of an inch. This quarter-inch represents all possible inaccuracies in triangulation of the distance across the river, all possible inaccuracies in the manufacture of the thousands of separate pieces of steel that went into the structure, in the riveting of piece to piece, in the calculations of the expansion and contraction of the metal under changing temperature, and in the building up of the concrete towers from foundations reaching down 120 feet below the water level. The bridge will carry the heaviest load ever designed to be carried by such a structure. Each lineal foot of the bridge will weigh thirty-eight tons loaded, the structure itself weighing twenty-six tons per foot, leaving twelve tons for weight of load. The tallest ships will be able to pass under the span without housing their topmasts or otherwise shortening their gear. An achievement of this magnitude cannot be fairly passed without notice.



combs, having commanded the widest attention of one over the other. The single comb variety of the same breeds is a popular variety over the rose-comb. We candidly admit that we know of no reason why this is so, excepting it be the single comb variety of the same breeds. A. P. S. Los Angeles, writes to know why have their experience with it. Have grown this plant, we should like to be of the seed. If any of our readers are advised planting about twenty pounds year, each up to about two feet in height, then the plant is given three dollars per bush.

November 16 has been designated as "Poultrymen's Day" at the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Keeps going up, prices of grain feeds rising.

From Far and Near. . . . .

just as attractive as another. The poultry show at the New York State fair contained over 3000 individual specimens, of which 5400 were standard-bred. Just as attractive as another. The poultry show at the New York State fair contained over 3000 individual specimens, of which 5400 were standard-bred. Just as attractive as another. The poultry show at the New York State fair contained over 3000 individual specimens, of which 5400 were standard-bred.

# A Low-cost Home-made Trap Nest.

By Henry W. Kruckeberg.

## OREGON INVENTION.

THE Oregon Experiment Station has just issued a bulletin by Prof. James E. Dryden, in which he described a practical and low-cost trap nest that certainly appeals to the utility poultry breeder. This is all the more gratifying from the fact that there are several patented trap nests on the market, all of which are more or less costly. This Oregon nest, however, can be made by any person who can handle a saw and drive a nail, with a little change in his pocket to pay for a piece of board, a few eyelets and a bit of rawhide. It may be built singly or in groups, can be placed in the wall of the poultry house, or set inside the wall, or made to set up outside, separate from the house. Touching on its construction and operation, the bulletin gives the following suggestions and instructions:

It is sometimes an advantage to release the hens from the top or through the door. This can be done where there is only one tier of nests. Occasionally a hen is slow in coming to the door to be let out, and by pulling the nest out or raising the cover, the operation of releasing the hens may be more quickly performed. We have found that with the small active breeds there is not much trouble on this score. They come quickly to the door. The heavier breeds, like the Plymouth Rocks, usually take their time in coming out, and sometimes have to be pulled out. Where they can be released from the top this trouble is overcome.

The Oregon trap nest can all be built out of a 12-inch board ten feet long. The materials necessary to consist of one board 11x12x10ft., six screw eyes No. 210, bright; two pieces of iron rod 3-16 inch by 12 inches; two pieces of rawhide 6 inches by 9 inches. The diagram shows how the nest may be cut out of the board. The shaded portions are the waste pieces of the board. The solid black lines show where the board is to be cut. When cutting the sides apart it will be necessary to cut only as far as "X," then split the board apart, after which cut out the required angle.

After nailing together, turn the nest on its side and bore the holes in the sides for the 3-16 inch iron rod. The holes are one inch from the bottom and one and one-fourth inch from the nest front.

On the bottom of the trip-board, put a screw-eye seven-eighths inch from the end and one inch from each side. At the other end of the trip-board, bore 3-8 inch holes one inch from one end and 3 inches from each side.

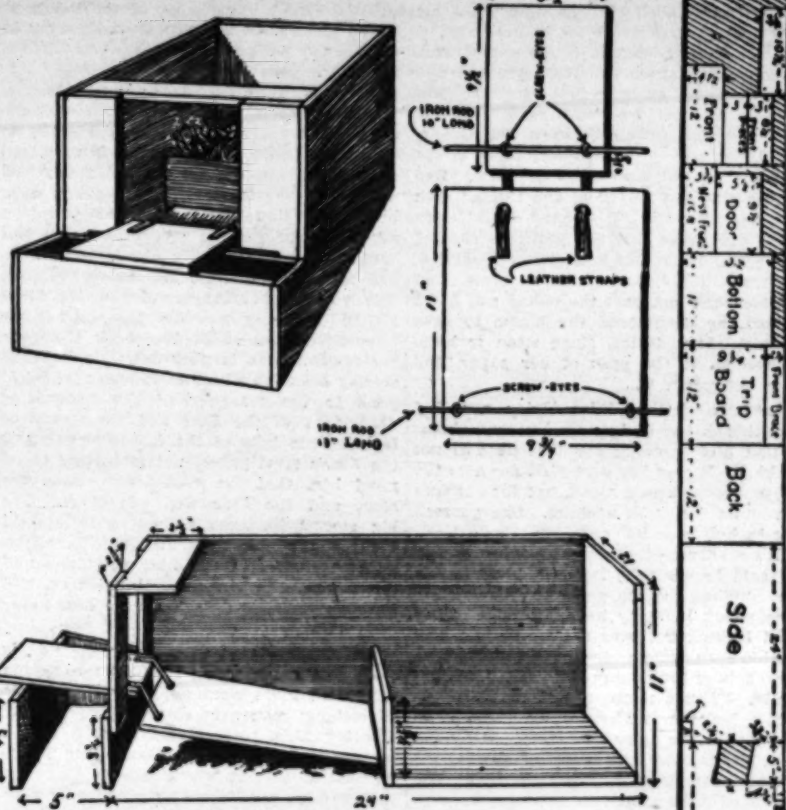
On the bottom and at each side of the door, put in a screw-eye one and one-half inches from the end, three-fourths inch from the sides. On the upper side tack two rawhide straps, using the small staple or nail for each. The end of the strap will be two inches from the end and one-half inch from the side of the door.

Place the door in front of the trip-board, the screw-eyes down; push the rawhide straps through the holes in the trip-board; turn the boards over and draw the straps up tight, then bend the door back over the trip-board until there is full three-fourths of an inch between the board when laid flat; the strap should then be tacked to the lower side of the trip-board.

The door and trip-board are put into place by pushing the iron rods through the sides and the screw-eyes. Care should be taken in placing the screw-eyes in the proper places. The screw-eyes may be adjusted in order to make the door balance properly.

### Green Foods Other than Alfalfa.

In the last Times Illustrated Weekly we had a good word to say for alfalfa as a green food for poultry, but birds, like persons, like variety, and to attain best results, some other foods should also be grown and fed by the commercial egg and meat farmer. These should be varied in character, but for the most part consist of general garden crops. In this list we include Swiss chard, cabbage, kale, lettuce, stock beets, etc. For the most part the succulent character of these crops is nearly 90 per cent. water, but this of itself is of value, and when combined



THE OREGON STATION TRAP-NEST.

The above illustration shows in detail the construction of the Oregon Station Trap-nest. The lower picture gives a sectional view and the various dimensions of the different parts, while in the upper right hand corner the construction of the trap is illustrated. In the upper left hand corner the finished nest is shown with the top open, which may be covered with wire or be supplied with a door for the removal of the hen. When the nests are used in tiers or one above the other, a cover will not be necessary. When this is done the hens are removed from the front by pulling the trap down.

The board illustration to the right shows how this nest may be cut from a board one foot wide and ten feet long. The shaded portions indicate the waste pieces. With this illustration and the indicated measurements anyone handy with tools should be able to build his or her own trap-nest. As an experiment it would be a good plan to make up a few and try them on at least one hen during the coming season, especially during the four months beginning November 1.

with the mineral salts in solution, produce a chemical and physical action on the system that is tonic in its influence, and so keep it in good working order. Unless supplied with a liberal allowance, poultry is apt to suffer from a want of these mineral salts, hence the importance of green food. Cabbage and beets may be fed cut in two and hung up in the runs, thus affording the birds exercise as they peck at the mass. Lawn clippings can be fed in troughs much like alfalfa. Swiss chard, kale and similar green foods are preferably fed shredded or cut up, rather than in bulk as the leaves are stripped from the stocks. It avoids waste, and also uncleanness in being dropped about the runs by the birds. Sprouted oats is also good, and where ground is limited, it affords an easy supply. Place the oats in shallow boxes, water well and keep moist, and they will soon develop sprouts ready for the birds.

### American Egg in Europe.

With production in certain portions of Europe practically stopped, it would seem that the Chinese egg will find its market elsewhere that in the United States—this in spite of the fact that the constitutionality of the California law is still to be established by the State Supreme Court. The eastern produce papers contain references every little while to the presence of Canadian dealers bartering for first-class eggs to be shipped to the nations classified in the news of the day as "The Allies." If these reports are only partially true, the price of hen fruit should have an upward tendency, and that business for the poultrymen of the country should be improved. Such a demand would soon reduce stocks and strengthen the markets. Of one thing, however, we feel quite sure, and that is if the war is prolonged the export of hen fruit must increase; if drawn to a close at an early date, there will be a call for breeding

stock that will take all we can produce, and that, too, at good prices. The eastern breeders will, by reason of geographical situation, come in first on this business; nevertheless, its influence will be felt throughout the country. In the light of these facts we look for a revival in the poultry industry in the immediate future.

### Poultrymen's R.F.D. Letter Box.

L. D. S., Los Angeles, writes as follows: "My Rhode Island Reds, otherwise in apparently good condition, are troubled with a nervous twitching or jerking of their heads—some occasionally, others incessantly. Particularly when roosting or sitting quietly one can hear the snapping of their wattles. The young chickens did not do it, but young pullets of 6 and 7 months are beginning. The egg yield during the summer was not what it should have been, although they did fine in the spring. Was this twitching the cause?"

From your somewhat brief description it is rather difficult to state specifically what really ails your Rhode Island Reds. We should infer, however, that it is vertigo in its incipient stages. Symptoms are giddiness, causing the birds to stagger and walk sideways, usually the result of congestion of the brain, or a disturbance of the blood supply to that organ. It is generally seen in plethoric specimens, i.e., those that are over-fat, or, at least, fully so, due to a too-fattening ration or possibly to stimulating foods. These conditions also explain the light egg production that you complain of. If these conditions prevail, treat by regulating the food, placing the birds in a quiet situation, and give for a quick purgative Epsom Salts, say about thirty-five grains for birds 6 to 12 months old, in the mash food, first dissolved in water, or it may be given in the drinking water. Give one time and note results. Internal parasites will also cause the trouble.

Amateur Fancier, Pasadena, writes to know what are the carbonaceous and what are nitrogenous poultry foods.

The former are the grains, such as wheat, corn, potatoes and other starchy foods, while the latter are animal foods, beans, clover, alfalfa, etc.

"Commercial Breeder," Los Angeles, writes for information touching on the food value of Berseem or Bersin clover (*Trifolium Alexandrinum*) for poultry, also as to its cultivation.

This plant is a native of Northwestern Africa and Western Asia, and is much grown in Egypt, where it is used as a main fodder crop for stock. D. F. Laurie of Australia, in his "Poultry Foods and Feeding," says it is highly spoken of and gives heavy yields in autumn. It should prove valuable for poultry, though experience with it among poultrymen seems as yet limited. Von Mueller, in his "Extra Tropical Plants," says

## Foothill Feather Farm

TRUE SILVER CAMPINES the Poultry of the Distant Past, the Fowl of the Future, long established in Belgium, England and Canada, but comparatively rare in the United States. Selected and mated breeding birds for sale.

Crystal White Orpingtons, selected Barred Rocks, White-faced Black Spanish (Rowan's sweeping prize winners), Black Minorcas, (ribbon getters), "Red" R. I. Reds, and the always on-deck Single-comb White Leghorns.

Fowls and eggs supplied. Day-old and 10-day-old chicks for sale. Choice of above breeds.

Turkeys, Geese, Ducks, Pigeons, Deer, Goats and Dogs.

FOOTHILL FEATHER FARM, No. 7069 W. Franklin Ave., Hollywood District. A picturesque spot. 30 minutes from the city, 15 minutes from Van Nuys, 45 minutes from the San Fernando Valley generally, via the Cahuenga Pass. Phone Home 57278.

## Midland Poultry Food No. 4

The greatest moulting food ever manufactured. It keeps your fowls in perfect condition while laying. It keeps them laying while moulting. If your birds are not laying try Midland No. 4. Price \$2 per sack.

AGGELER & MUSSER SEED CO., 115 N. Main St. Southern California Agents.

## Hauser's Organic Fertilizers

HIGH GRADE Ground Tankage—Dried Blood. Fine Blood Meal—Bone Meal. Ground Sheep Manure. Commercial Fertilizer.....4-10-2. Commercial Fertilizer.....5-10-5. Nitrogen and Phosphoric Acid derived from organic sources only. Car Loads or Less. Write for prices.

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## Now is the time to feed Coulson's Egg Food

Write for full particulars and free book, "Chickens."

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## Baled Shavings, 25c Bale

Special Prices—In Quantities. Clean, sifted. No dust. No redwood. Excellent mulch for orchardists. Best for horse and cattle bedding, gardens, chicken nests, scratching material, etc.

Miller Hive & Box Co. Sunset East 118. 201 No. Ave. 18. Home 10480



down without actually affecting our rail-  
ways; we must get into the state of mind  
which will permit us to realize this.  
"Stock, produce and other exchanges,  
commonly known as Wall street, have a  
tremendous legitimate hold of usefulness,  
scale, as we must conduct it, without liquid  
capital and liquid capital when not em-  
ployed quickly gets up the profits of busi-  
ness. It is through Wall street and other  
exchanges that capital which other-  
wise would be locked up can be invested  
in such ways that, in time of need, it readily  
can be realized upon.  
"If, as a nation, we could get over the  
barren-counter habit, we should be doing  
very well, indeed.  
"This struggle to get all we can and  
give as little as we can is not good busi-  
ness—we should be willing to pay a fair  
price to others and take a fair price from  
others. More money can be made on a  
small output at a large profit, than on a  
large output at a small profit, because it  
is of greater benefit to the production.  
"Quantity in production at small profit  
in turn creates greater employment, which  
teaches greater numbers of people, and  
if it is not made better, it is not worth  
choosing.  
"What we want to do is to dislodge the  
pal of gloomy smoke which has drifted  
across the ocean from the European battle-  
fields and settled on this nation's pos-  
sibility in their service.  
"We can't have good railroads and other  
necessities unless we allow these  
utilities to charge enough to make mil-  
lions at the maximum of efficiency pos-  
sible to ignorance and prejudice.  
"What we want is a legislator and who ap-  
peals to the people, many of them have  
been wrongly informed. Many of them have  
certain information concerning actual facts  
and every constructive mind in this coun-  
try should endeavor to aid in getting ac-  
curate information concerning actual facts.  
Sunday, October 10, 1915.

## Transcontinental Wireless Telephoning.

By Edward Marshall

### AN EXPERT TALKS.

IT WAS while the marvel of the wire-  
less telephonic message from Arlington,  
near Washington, to the Mare Island  
Navy Yard, at San Francisco, a distance  
of 3500 miles, was still fresh in my mind,  
that I went to see Theodore N. Vail, presi-  
dent of the American Telephone and Tele-  
graph Company, and one of the nestors of  
the whole voice transmission science as well  
as the one paramount figure in the tele-  
phone's commercial development.

It had been my good luck to be the rep-  
resentative of The New York World in Lon-  
don when Marconi, for that newspaper, ac-  
complished the then marvelous achievement  
of actually sending wireless telegraphic  
signals from the Crystal Palace to the dome  
of St. Paul's Cathedral—two structures which,  
of late, have been said to be the targets of  
hostile aero bombs—and later (but a few  
years ago) to be with the United States  
army in Texas when Maj. Squiers an-  
nounced his perfection of a system of wire-  
less telephony and took out his remarkable  
patent in the name of "the people of the  
United States." During my stay in Texas  
Maj. Squiers performed new miracles, using  
the quivering twigs and leaves of a grow-  
ing tree as his antennae for wireless trans-  
mission.

Now I was with the man whose voice had  
first spanned the American continent with-  
out the aid of wires.

In the introduction of this article I must  
note as an extraordinary fact the circum-  
stance that to Theodore N. Vail the achieve-  
ment, in itself, seems to mean little and  
that its possible effect on the values of tele-  
phone company stock seems uninteresting.  
Evidently what impresses him is the prob-  
able economic and social significance of the  
scientific miracle to the whole people.

#### A Real World Achievement.

"It is impressive," said the white-haired,  
venerable magnate, "to reflect upon the  
fact that we, alone, of the great nations of  
the world, are calm enough to give com-  
mensurate attention to a scientific achieve-  
ment so momentous.

"That the one great nation in the world  
in which the people rule should be the  
one great nation of the world at peace, and  
rejoicing over the achievements of peaceful  
science, ought to make us very glad that  
we're Americans.

"The daily newspapers have told the de-  
tails of the epoch-making conversation  
which I was privileged to carry on from this  
end of the wireless route and which John  
J. Carty, chief engineer of our company,  
was privileged to carry on from the Pacific  
Coast end of the intangible circuit.

"But what has not been adequately con-  
sidered is the meaning of this event—and  
it is big with meaning—social, and indus-  
trial as well as financial. Indeed, in com-  
parison with its social and industrial im-  
portance its financial significance must be ad-  
mitted to be slight.

#### Wireless Telephones Will Benefit the Race.

"It is possible that some thousands may  
make money out of the perfection of the  
wireless telephone; but tens of thousands,  
hundreds of thousands, millions, the whole  
race, will draw from it a profit more de-  
sirable than dollars.

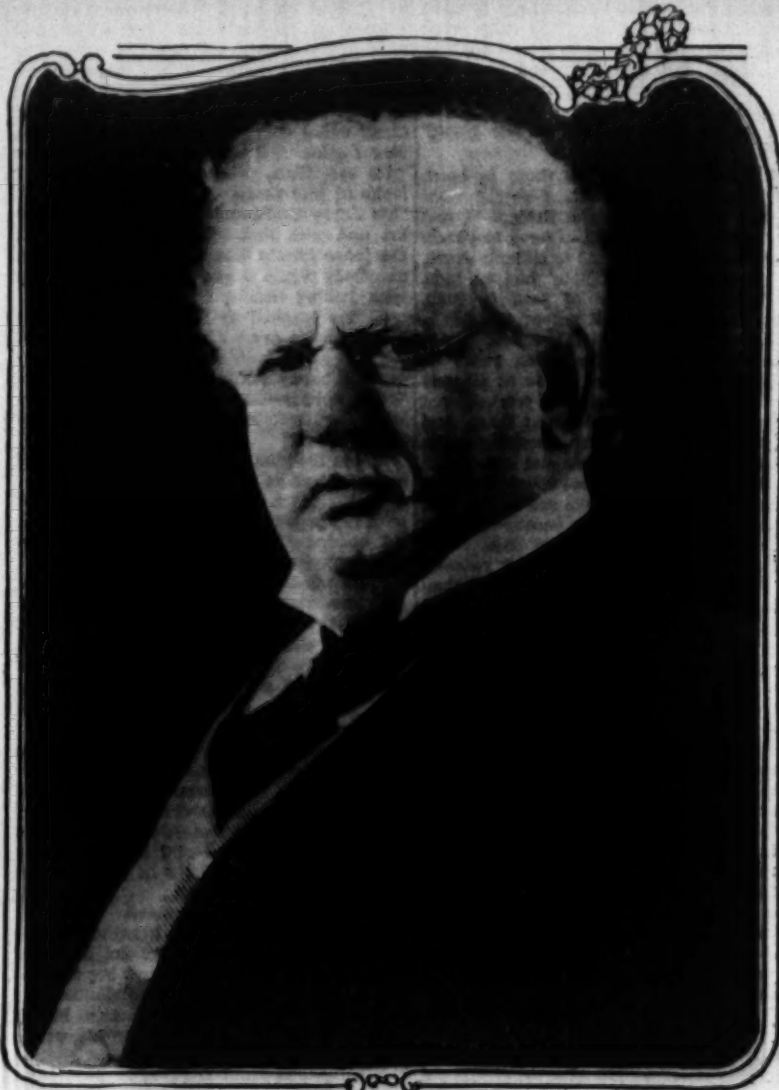
"This is a new development—a perfec-  
tion—of the telephone. The telephone al-  
ready has worked a vast social and economic  
revolution—and its influence is growing.

"It has reduced the whole United States,  
potentially, to the size of a community.  
Every one is aware of the importance of  
the telephone to city life, but I find that  
city dwellers generally are unaware of its  
importance to country life.

"Note this: More than one-half of the  
farms in the United States already are con-  
nected up with telephones and these phones  
are all tributary to the great general sys-  
tem.

"No such thing as isolation has been  
necessary, for a long time, and, now that  
the wireless telephone is an assured suc-  
cess, capable of transmitting messages over  
great distances, it is less necessary than  
ever.

"There are more than eight and a half



THEODORE N. VAIL.

million telephones in the United States! Telephone toll lines now reach 70,000 places in this country, as against 60,000 postoffices, and 60,000 railroad stations and regular telegraph offices at about 25,000 places.

#### Vast Extension of Service Possible.

"Now that the wireless has been developed a vast extension of telephonic service will be possible. It is not improbable that telephonic communication between America and Europe are long will be established, and this, of course, will mean that ships at sea will be able to talk by telephone with shores, however distant, and with other vessels.

"The wireless telephone will not supplant the wire telephone, I think; but the wireless method will round out the old style tele-  
phone, making it complete, by enabling telephony to reach into remote spots to which wires cannot be strung, for one reason or another.

"There are difficulties to be overcome, but the results of the recent experiments, which carried the human voice from Arlington, near Washington, to Mare Island, near San Francisco, by wireless, were better than Alexander Graham Bell's results when he talked by wire for the first time over a circuit but a few yards in length.

"We don't know where the wireless tele-  
phone will lead us. But the fact which principally impresses me is that we, in America, are doing this work, this big, constructive scientific work, at a time when all Europe is at war. That's pretty fine.

#### Spoken Words Better Than Written.

"The spoken word has great advantages over the written word. There is no un-  
certainty about the mails, but there is likely to be an indefiniteness, an incompleteness about correspondence.

"You can't argue by mail and it is through argument that conclusions of great moment usually are reached. Discussion—that's the thing.

"I feel confident that this country never again will have any difficulties which cannot be settled by discussion and mutual concessions and the marvelously developing telephone will do much to extend discus-  
sion and make it easier and more effective in the future.

"Perfectly free communication between people means such a liberty of the indi-  
vidual as the old-time revolutionists never dreamed of, for it means liberty of thought enlightened by untrammelled contact with all other thought. If a free interchange of ideas and thought once can be had between all, common course of action will be found to rectify most troubles. That is what we must strive for in this country. I believe that when we get it many if not most of the difficulties which today seem to confront us will disappear.

"I believe that perfectly free communica-  
tion between people inevitably must mean general education, and general education in time will do away, in this country, with prejudice. It is prejudice which makes partisan politics bitter and inefficient as a governing force.

"I think that through education of the  
people we shall achieve nonpartisanship and that through that we eventually shall be capable of truly unprejudiced and, there-  
fore, truly wise action. When we reach that point of development we shall be the greatest people upon earth.

#### Must Reorganize Our Public Service.

"The men who have more than any one  
else to do with the progress of this nation will be our commissioners, Interstate, State and local, in control of regulations govern-  
ing our public utilities.

"These commissioners will have larger  
interests and more important economic questions to protect, regulate and settle, than are taken before our highest judiciary, larger, even, than will be taken for ad-

judication before the Supreme Court of the United States.

"If these courts of commerce can be elevated to a high plane in the estimation of the public and can be kept entirely free from partisan control, the really vital ques-  
tions—economic, industrial, what not—will be settled for the good of all. That will mean, especially, that they will be settled in a manner satisfactory to and beneficial to both labor and capital.

"Certainly these men, who will spring into being as the result of economic and sci-  
entific needs and advance, will have more than any one else to do with the economic development and condition of the country.

"I am an optimist. I believe we shall come out all right, and I believe we will be all right now as soon as we give con-  
ditions a chance to adjust themselves.

"We are a big people and must do things in the future in big ways, even bigger ways than the big ways for which in the past we have become world celebrated, and in order to do this we must get into the minds of the men controlling our public utilities a sense of their responsibility to progress and the public.

"In order to get that into their minds we must get into the minds of the people the conviction of the great necessity for putting the right men into such places. That's coming. We shall have fewer in-  
competents and very many fewer dishonest men at such work in the future than we have had in the past. I believe that the public, whom the politicians think can be so easily fooled, is, really, unfoolable. Lincoln was right about that. Performance, not prophecy and glittering promise, must be the standard by which to measure public men.

#### Big Men Wanted.

"We must realize that we can't do big things with little instrumentalities. We must thoroughly realize that, especially. The bigger the situation, the bigger the opportunity for all, but for big situations big men must be found who can think big thoughts, interpret them in big ways to the public, and thus accomplish big results. Otherwise our innate ambition to do big things will react on us and crush us.

"If there had been the right men at the right work in the right places, everywhere, the European war would not have happened and there would have been no economic destruction here, where, as a matter of fact, there has been much, although I think we are coming to our senses and bringing it to an end.

"What we need to keep a tight grip upon in these days is our knowledge of real values in distinction from false ones.

"The sudden ups and downs of the stock market in these days should not be per-  
mitted to affect the procedure of the average citizen or color his outlook upon life.

"We want to stop worrying, if we can, about speculative stock prices and devote our attention to seeing to it that the values behind the stocks are real.

"Fully half our panics have been results of over-speculation in railroad and other stocks, but the speculators could be wiped out forever without having any destructive effect upon the actual railroads.

"If we could keep our business down to a basis of actuality there would be no more panics, for, really, we are a growingly prosperous people.

"What we must avoid is anything which is actually destructive of our means of intercommunication and transportation, for on them our national life depends.

"Wall street has an important place in reality, although its definite usefulness at times has been subverted by some, who have made it a place for playing a giants' poker game, in which bluffs are based upon our prosperity.

#### Wall-street Money Not Always Real.

"Wealth and Wall street are not neces-  
sarily related one to the other in any way whatsoever. It was only recently that a man died in the West, leaving a fortune estimated at \$40,000,000, although in his estate was found not one security quoted on the stock exchange.

"Stocks may go up and stocks may go



## When the Bank Refused to Pay a Check.

## BREAD ON THE WATER.

At the end of a week an overwhelming homesickness of it all possessed him. He debated the matter with himself and decided that he could stay away no longer. As though preparing for a gala day, he dressed in his best and made his way to the big plant. He wondered a little at finding it unchanged. It seemed so long to him since he had been there. He crept into the composing-room, relieved to find the foreman out. Everybody was busy. A few old-timers flung him a hurried hello in passing. All about was an air of unity in labor and purpose and good-will. Dad felt strangely out of it. Here, at least, where he had spent so many years, he had hoped to feel a kinship, so lacking between him and the outside world. He was to learn that when the bond of service is cut, with it goes the camaraderie and interest of those left behind. They didn't mean to be cruel. But Dad had ceased to be a unit among them, and according to the spirit of co-operation that exists in successful corporations like the Morning Star, there was no room for an outsider. Had he been reinstated, they would have welcomed him gladly, for they all liked Dad; he would have to be in the harness again, so to speak, before they

He didn't go near the paper again. A certain pride kept him away. Once or twice he had thought of going up to see young Archer, the head of the advertising department of one of the biggest stores on Broadway. No one in the Star's composing-room had been able to please young Archer but Dad Corrigan. For the past four years it had been Dad's especial work to set up the big store's ads. And Archer had shown his appreciation to Dad, by being kind to

"Over there, David!" she cried excitedly. "See him—with his hat pulled down over

But things were coming too swift and fast for Dad Corrigan to catch the full import of the last statement. They wanted him back at the Morning Star. That was all the information his bewildered mind could grasp for the moment. They wanted him back at the Star. Sudden tears of joy filled his eyes. Ashamed he hung his head to hide them. When he looked up again Miss Haley and young Archer were gone. Dad squared his bowed shoulders, pushed his hat back from his eyes, and strode proudly off down Broadway.

charged the mudhole at full speed. We went steadily through the mud and reached dry ground again. I looked back. The old farmer was gazing after us with a thoughtful expression and was still scratching his whiskers."

"The young salesman," explained the stationer, "booked my order in lead pencil."



United States.  
If these courts of commerce can be elevated to a high plane in the estimation of the public and can be kept entirely free

# Transcontinental Wireless Telephoning.

By Edward Marshall

down without actually affecting our railways; we must get into the state of mind which will permit us to realize this.  
"Stock, produce and other exchanges, commonly known as Wall street, have a tremendous legitimate field of usefulness. Business cannot be conducted on a large scale, as we must conduct it, without liquid capital and liquid capital when not employed quickly eats up the profits of business. It is through Wall street and other exchange centers that capital which otherwise would be locked up can be invested in such ways that, in time of need, it readily can be realized upon.

"If a business man needs capital to take care of his actual business and finds his own tied up in a mortgage, for example, it will not be liquid, readily and quickly flowing from one use to another. It may take time which he cannot afford to negotiate that mortgage. But if he has his surplus capital in stocks and bonds it truly is in a liquid state, for upon them he can realize, or borrow money, as needs be, because of their definite market value and the definite market provided and organized for dealing in them.

"Activity, employment, production, consumption, purchasing power make values, and we must avoid such things as actually do affect these unfavorably. Speculation, in Wall street or elsewhere, has as much to do with real production as a roulette wheel has to do with the world's industry.

## No Excuse for Hard Times Here.

"There is no valid reason why we ever should know hard times in this country. Panics and hard times come from unwise economic legislation, or from over expansion, following a period of prosperity, when they are precipitated by the speculators who hope to buy something at one price and sell it at a higher price, regardless of its actual value.

"The slump comes when they cannot find the other buyers.

"Legitimate promotion and speculation are wide apart, but people will confound them.

"Substantially all speculation at least claims as its basis the success of legitimate promotion and development.

"We have everything here with which to make good times and nothing here except unwise politicians to make bad times. Sensible, not sensational business legislation is what we need.

"If, as a nation, we could get over the bargain-counter habit, we should be doing very well, indeed.

"This struggle to get all we can and give as little as we can is not good business—we should be willing to pay a fair price to others and take a fair price from others. More money can be made on a large output, at a small profit, than on a small output at a large profit, if there is a potential market for the production.

"Quantity in production at small profit is of greater general benefit, because it reaches greater numbers of people, and in turn creates greater employment, which, in its turn, makes wider markets. Wages are kept down by the bargain-hunter, who endeavors to pay less than it is worth for any commodity or service.

"The consumer would have everything in his own hands if he but realized it. It is the consumer who establishes the price of labor. A boycott on cut prices would do more to raise wages than a boycott on non-union products.

"Some discouraging experiences have been recorded in the history of this nation's business. Business as often does not pay because it is unfairly treated as because it is badly managed.

"Why should business continually be attacked? Success ought to be admired and emulated, not condemned. Every one of those condemning it is, himself, trying to achieve it.

## Even Big Business Needs Sympathy.

"It is a curious thing that the demagogues never talk about the losers among business men. Years of preparation and vast investments may result in ruin. The man who does not win gets no attention.

"But the man who, through intelligence and hard work, wins a big profit instantly becomes a mark.

"That's what's the matter with us. It has been that tendency which has made us suffer at a time when we, of all the world, should not be suffering.

"We are the luckiest nation on the surface of the earth. We ought to be congratulating ourselves and doing our best to help one another. All employers should be willing to give a living wage to their employees and all employees should be willing to give generous service for the money they are paid. All consumers and users of service or commodities should be eager to pay a fair price for others' goods and serv-

ices, and then they can get a fair price for their own. The railroads should give good service and the public should pay fair rates for it.

"We can't have good railroads and other necessary service unless we allow these utilities to charge enough to make maintenance at the maximum of efficiency possible in their service.

"What we want to do is to dissipate the pall of gloomy smoke which has drifted across the ocean from the European battlefields and settled on this nation's psychology.

"If the railroads were moving as they were in 1906 there would be no unemployment here and there is every economic reason why they should be in better shape now than they were then, for, really, there is now more work than there was then for them to do.

"People want them to do it, too, but will not enable them to provide for themselves facilities with which to do it by taking from their shoulders the unwise restrictions which are hampering them. How can improved service be given, higher wages be paid, more paid for material and supplies, without proper rates to meet operating cost and enable the operating companies to get money to extend and provide for increasing demands?

"Rates which are too low are as unfair as rates which are too high.

"But prices cannot steadily be decreased without some underlying and good cause. When a newly discovered scientific method makes it possible, well and good; but rates and prices cannot be reduced every time a new year rolls around.

"We have been led astray by theorists until the idea is prevalent among many, that in some unrevealed way, corporations, especially transportation corporations, can put wages up indefinitely and cut costs down indefinitely.

"When a manufacturer raises wages it is regarded as a reasonable thing for him to increase prices, but the nation has got into the habit of expecting railways to continually reduce rates, just as they have got into the habit of expecting other public utilities continually to reduce rates, because our nation has been so prolific of men of new ideas and improved methods that they have accomplished marvels in the direction of decreasing costs and increasing output.

"Instead of listening to every one seeking notoriety by attacking property or corpora-

tions every constructive mind in this country should endeavor to aid in getting accurate information concerning actual facts before the people. Many of them have been wrongly informed. Many of them belong to an unassimilated mass, and are easy victims of the legislator or the man who wants to be a legislator and who appeals to ignorance and prejudice.

## What Wealth Really Is.

"Ninety per cent. of the attacks on wealth are made by those who do not comprehend wealth. John D. Rockefeller could not cash in many millions by liquidation if every one else were liquidating at the same time.

"His wealth does not consist of money, but of properties which get their value from production and employment of labor and which have little or no liquidating value except as going concerns. The moment they cease to produce their value is gone.

"The big telephone plants, electric light plants and public service corporations generally are worth and actually represent the investment of millions of dollars as activities, but they have small liquidation values, save as going concerns.

"I lately have read a novel which tells of Rockefeller cashing in a thousand millions in gold. As a matter of fact he could do it no more than you or I could.

"The wealth, the revenue, of the country consists of the difference between what is paid for its raw material and what is paid by the ultimate consumer for the finished product which is manufactured from the raw material.

"Our business men must learn that they can charge \$1.50 only for goods worth \$1.50, and our workers must come to understand that they can charge \$1.50 only for labor which actually is worth \$1.50.

"No large class of society can get any permanent benefit to itself if it comes at the expense of any other class of society.

"No one believes in high wages any more than I do. I should be glad to see every employee of the Bell Telephone Company get twice as much as he is getting for his work if the public were willing to pay enough for its telephone service to make this possible.

"The perfection of the wireless telephone is a great step in scientific advance. It should be the effort of an enlightened American public to see to it that by following the right economic course we are able to take full advantage of it."

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# Miss Hicks and the Movies. By Alice Harriman.

## THE STAR PART.

WHOLESONE and rosy as a Baldwin apple; active and expectant of good as if she were still a girl, Miss C. Hicks surveyed her domain. Finding no detail missing she glanced at the window. She actually saw, neatly printed, on the big pane

MISS C. HICKS  
HOME COOKING PRICES MODERATE

But, an adept in idealism, she found no difficulty in imagining herself standing outside and reading

### MISS C. HICKS

Home Cooking Prices Moderate  
Smiling happily, Miss Hicks knew that her decision to leave the small Middle-western village, where lived ten Miss Want-to-Marries to one Mr. Not-Married, was wise. A certain book she owned decided her choice of location and resulted in the investment of her slow, hardly earned accumulations of years in a lunchroom opposite the Foothills Motion Picture Company's studio. And now, everything was ready for the opening.

Oodors of "sugar and spice, and all things nice" mingled with the perfume of blossoms. The back door was open and she could see an orange tree on the rear of her lot. As she went to shut the door she limped a little. Her feet, encased in \$2.50-on-sale shoes had carried her hither and yon since before dawn.

Her weariness and the limp were forgotten as a smartly groomed, self-reliant girl with eyes the color of a dragon fly's wing, and a middle-aged man in cinnamon-colored tweed, whose height made the room seem

low, came in from the street. They took seats by the window and as Miss Hicks handed them the menu card she found herself saying, "What I serve I shall cook myself."

"Gee!" exclaimed the man, in a tone that instantly won Miss Hicks.

"Let's have some of that gingerbread we smelled, 'Reddy,'" suggested the girl.

When her first customers gave their second order Miss Hicks confided:

"I'm not going to be a real restaurant, nor am I going to be a 'chill kitchen.' I think movie people are human, even if they don't always look it; and human beings like home cooking."

"Don't we!" came as one voice.

"Pity-otion! Are you movies?"

Another man, handsome and important, entering, heard her question and gasp. "Of course they're movies," he laughed. "This is Miss Margery Carlisle," he went on; "Queen of the movies. And this," indicating the man, "is not only the manager of the animal farm of the Foothills company, but a would-be star—Mr. Rufus Prince. They're not made up, yet," he continued, as he seated himself, "like that bunch headed this way across the street. That's why you didn't spot 'em."

"And this," countered Prince, "is Mr. Thaxter Brigham, by his own confession the greatest movie director on earth."

The underlying feeling between the two was not lost on Miss Hicks; but the entrance of highly painted and garnished studio cowboys, Indians, squaws, and whatnot, and their orders, occupied her for some time. She did hear, however, Miss Carlisle's low, "Mr. Brigham, why do you always tease 'Reddy'? I think it's too bad."

A born romancer, Miss Hicks thrilled. Were not romances hourly made imperishable by the Foothills company? And here

was one in real life; she was sure of it. This witching girl and the man whose soul evidently required the big frame.

And Mr. Brigham—the book Miss Hicks had brought with her from the East was, "How to Write a Photoplay." Here in her lunchroom, she saw the "eternal triangle" the book told about!

Several weeks after the auspicious opening of her place, Mr. Brigham asked her, "How'd you happen to open up here? You are a godsend to the company."

"I like to cook; I like to meet people, and I've always wanted to know theatrical folks. Here's my chance, seeing as I'm not likely to go to what—someone calls the Rialto."

Mr. Brigham noticed the hesitation. "You mean—?"

"I mean Mr. Prince."

"Oh, Prince," with a grimace. "Prince never was on the Rialto. He's been a circus man," he continued slightly. "And you recall I told you he wanted to be an actor—a star. Can you beat it?"

"I'd like to be in a film, myself," asserted Miss Hicks, warmly.

Brigham leaned back in his chair. "Yes," he mused, "most people have the craze. Everyone now-a-days either applies for a position or thinks they can write scenarios."

Miss Hicks grew hot all over. She felt Mr. Brigham's eyes boring right into her trunk.

After he went away she pondered over this development in the romance. Jealousy. Nothing less than jealousy. To think that Mr. Brigham would attempt to keep back his tronic ability on account of his passion for Miss Carlisle; for, if Mr. Prince wanted to act, of course he could.

Miss Hicks thought loyally. It is no wonder all the men flocked around lovely Margery as the linnet and mocking birds flew to her when she scattered crumbs.

She did have such a darling way with her.

No one could by any possible means find fault with Miss Carlisle's appearance; but some snicky folk, like Mr. Brigham, might allege that Mr. Prince was too tall to find favor in the leading woman's eyes; too loose-jointed, with too big hands; might carp that he was stoop-shouldered and wore snuff-colored suits to deceive as to the color of his thick hair.

She, herself, liked tall men; and she knew that Prince had hands tender and deft as her own to bandage a lame dog's paw; to stroke a frightened kitten, or to handle a bawling calf that had found last refuge in her yard, and had stayed there by transference of coin.

And most of all she adored red hair. No, not most of all—she liked the man himself—kindly, talkative, ever ready to listen to her hopes of some day writing a scenario that she could submit to the Foothills company. Once he had looked over one she had written and said it had possibilities; and if it ever were accepted he hoped that he could take the star part. It seemed as though written for him, he had declared, and Miss Hicks thrilled anew as she remembered his words. Of course, Miss Carlisle loved such a man. Who wouldn't?

The next time the two came over from the studio Margery was listening to a monologue.

"Taking away personality's the blight of the profession," morosely asserted Prince, as he absently sipped the coffee that Miss Hicks placed beside his plate. "It's a blight!" he repeated bitterly.

"Oh, I don't know," returned Miss Carlisle, striving to stem the high tide of resentment. "I've not found it so. Sit down with us, Miss Hicks," she continued, with

(CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SEVEN.)







THE RECONCILIATION  
 A T NOON on the first anniversary of the death of the late Mrs. J. H. McDonald, the wife of the late J. H. McDonald, a well-known business man of this city, a reconciliation was effected between the two families. The reconciliation was effected by the late Mrs. McDonald, who was the wife of the late J. H. McDonald, a well-known business man of this city. The reconciliation was effected by the late Mrs. McDonald, who was the wife of the late J. H. McDonald, a well-known business man of this city. The reconciliation was effected by the late Mrs. McDonald, who was the wife of the late J. H. McDonald, a well-known business man of this city.

# A Garden of White Flowers. By Miriam Dunn.

[Saturday, October 10, 1918]

RECCHI CARTOONS.



-Des Moines Register & Leader.

THE "WHIRLING STAGE"  
 NO PLACE FOR A SWORD DANCER!  
 -New York Herald

-Baltimore American



-St. Joseph News Press



-Portland Oregonian



"He won't be happy till he gets it."  
 -Spokane Spokesman Review



KING FERDINAND - "NICE, FRESH SOLDIERS! FRESH SOLDIERS!"  
 -Philadelphia Ledger



-New York Tribune



-Des Moines Register & Leader







# A Garden of White Flowers. By Miriam Dunn.

## THE RECONCILIATION.

AT NOON on the first anniversary of what was to have been her wedding day, Lois Burke entered the lunch room of the Santa Maria Public Library and found half the staff in the midst of a heated discussion.

"It's a ridiculous rule," Alberta McDonald was declaring excitedly. "I wish Mr. Weston had to ring in and out on a time-recording clock four times a day for twenty-six days in a month and see if he could remember to do it every time."

Lois, her intense, dark eyes looking weary and wistful under their long lashes, sank into the nearest chair as Eliza Fraser, of the analytical turn of mind, went on with the conversation.

"Mr. Weston, the methodical, would find it no task to remember the time-clock," Eliza said. "If he was expected to 'punch the clock' when he left work and when he returned to it, as we are, it would be as impossible for him to forget it as it would be for you to find a letter or a pamphlet out of its special place in his desk."

Lois had seen the new rule posted upon the staff bulletin-board. It said that anyone failing to ring the clock five or more times within the course of a month, was to lose a half-day's salary. She had not thought much about it, however. Being a very capable attendant the rules and regulations of Mr. Weston, the librarian, had so far, caused her no annoyance. And besides, this noon her mind was far away from either the librarian or his rules, and from the long lunch room table with its array of bright faces and good-natured argument. In her mind's eye she was seeing a little cottage out in the southwest section of the city, with a tiny dream garden of soft, white flowers that she was to have planted at one side of it.

"It is near the church. You'll like that," Lester had remarked after they had decided to buy it.

"Yes, and I will plant white flowers for the altar all around one side," she had said as he smiled down upon her.

Now it was all over. Lester, with his bright smile and strong, kindly face, had been gone from her life for a whole year. And she—trying unsuccessfully to make library work satisfy her whole existence—was earnestly studying the comparative value of books and trying to persuade people with Mary J. Holmes tastes to read Arnold Bennett and the classics.

Her mind went back to the first evening of her friendship with Lester Wainwright. Like most of the attendants in the Santa Maria Library, Lois had a hobby. Her favorite avocation was the study and painting of pictures both in oil and water-colors, and it had led her to take an evening course in the local art school. On her first night there she had noticed a young man whose face seemed familiar. She was sure that she had seen him somewhere several years before. Anyway, it would have been almost impossible not to have noticed that sturdy youth with the mass of curly, bright-red hair that flamed, startling and abundant, beneath the bright electric light. Lois, who did not usually like red hair, thought it one of the most beautiful things she had ever seen. It topped a pair of clear, blue eyes and a clean-cut face on which there were surprisingly few freckles. "I am going to like him," she thought. "I hope he will like me."

After class he had come over to her easel. "Aren't you the little 'scrub' that got a cinder in her eye at a Hydrajo high school barbecue?" he asked by way of introducing himself. Immediately she had remembered. "Yes, and aren't you the big senior that took it out?" she asked.

"I am that hero," he acknowledged pompously, and they had laughed together. It was the beginning of a friendship that lasted through two years.

Lester Wainwright was a civil engineer by profession. Painting was with him, as it was with Lois, a hobby. After this, on the Sunday outings of the Art Class Club, which Lois soon joined, she and Lester had always sketched the same things and at theater or pageant, she and Lester had raved together over the same color-effects. On Tuesday and Friday nights as he walked home with her from school, they had discussed com-

position, design, etc., and, between learned talks on such subjects as the Renaissance, the Pre-Raphaelites and Post-impressionism, they had laughed much at nothing at all and learned to need each other more and more as time went on.

When, one happy day, they had announced their engagement everybody in any way concerned was pleased.

"It is an ideal match," declared the friends of the girl.

"Lester is a lucky chap, but he deserves it," said the young man's intimates.

During the two months that followed the announcement everything had gone serenely. They set the date for the wedding and selected the home that they would occupy after the ceremony. They planned each room of the little house, its books, its pictures, even the color that they would retint the wall. However, more time was spent in talking of the garden than anything else. On three sides of the cottage there was to be a variety of flowers and a bright array of color, all artistically arranged. One side, though, was to be given up entirely to white. Lois wanted to devote that part of the yard to the growing of flowers with which to decorate the near-by church, and Lester, saying that it was just like her to have thought of such a beautiful plan, had readily agreed.

After all this there had come between them a succession of trifles to cause trouble. These two people who agreed so wonderfully in all the big essentials, in religion, in their outlook on life, in tastes and inclinations came to quarrel and separate over such unimportant matter as letters and cigars and middy blouses.

During a discussion on letters that arose somehow at a meeting of the Art Class Club, Lester had contended that no one had a right to open and read anybody else's letters, not even a husband those of his wife, or a wife those of her husband. Lois had not taken part in the argument but she brought up the subject that evening when they were alone together. Lester, while laughingly granting her permission to do whatever she like with his mail, had stood staunchly by the statement made at the club. Lois had scorned his permission. She did not want to see any of his old letters, she told him. Nevertheless, she believed a husband and wife had a perfect right to open each other's mail. There had followed a heated discussion on the principle involved. It was the first disagreement of any kind that they had ever had.

Then, one day, while they were looking over the little home that they were soon to occupy, Lois had said that she thought Lester ought to smoke his occasional cigar on the car before reaching home. Smoke would be bad for the new curtains, she thought. To this Lester had not agreed. Therefore, when a few minutes later, he had voiced a hope that she would not attire herself in middy blouses when working around the house, they were "such sloppy looking affairs, you know," Lois had coldly informed him that she was very partial to middies for home wear.

There had been a dozen such trifling differences, any one of which could have been easily settled had they both been a little tolerant and reasonable. Lester had come to his senses earlier than Lois. During the month that followed the breaking of their engagement he had tried several times to effect a reconciliation. After that Lois had heard nothing from him though she learned indirectly that he had gone with some other engineers on an expedition into South America.

Lois, munching her cake and giving only half-intelligent answers to the remarks addressed to her from around the lunch-room table, looked back upon it all and felt sick at heart. The long absence from Lester, and another year of the broadening influence of the library, had cleared her vision and intensified her love for him, while it increased her condemnation of herself.

After lunch she went back to the circulation department and threw herself heart and soul into her tasks, forgetting her sorrow for a time in an effort to help the people who had learned to come to her for able criticisms of the library's store of books. She had done but little with the oil and water-color work since the breaking of her engagement to Lester. It had come to seem not worth while without him. Instead she had

thrown herself more and more into her library work. It must make up to her for all the other big things that she was going to miss. Busy at her tasks, she was a pleasing sight to see. She was small in stature—not quite five feet three inches tall—and rather slender. She had a piquant face that was, maybe, a trifle too pale, and a wealth of fluffy hair that, when piled high on her head, looked, to quote Alberta McDonald, the staff poet, "like a cornet of jet relieved by elusive reddish gems."

A month after the discussion of Mr. Weston's rule about ringing the clock, Lois was called to the office by the time-keeper. He told her that on Monday and Thursday of nearly every week she had failed to ring the clock when stopping work at one. "I am sorry, Miss Burke," he said, "but it means that you will be the first person to lose the half-day's pay."

Monday and Thursday were the days on which Lois worked from 9 o'clock in the morning until 1 o'clock, and from 6 o'clock p.m. until closing time at 9 o'clock. In the afternoon she attended the local college for a course of lectures which were helping her in her work. The recording clock for the library staff was on the floor below the circulation department. One passed it on the way to the lunch room or to the lockers. On these two days Lois was in the habit of lunching at the little cafeteria connected with the college, and as it was only a few doors from the library she always went, as did most of the girls, without her hat. Evidently, because there had been no necessity of going either to locker or lunch room, and because there was need of hurry, she had forgotten about the clock.

However, it would have been impossible for her to have left the library before one o'clock because during the noon hour she was scheduled at the "charging desk," and the girl who relieved her did not "ring in" until 1 o'clock.

"I can explain the matter satisfactorily to Mr. Weston," she informed the time-keeper.

"Mr. Weston has told me that he wants no extenuating circumstances brought to him. All cases are to be treated alike," he said.

"That is not just."

The man simply shrugged his shoulders. He never criticised his superior before the staff.

As Lois started to leave the room, the librarian entered it. He was a little man with keen greenish-blue eyes behind the thick lenses of his pince-nez. He came forward with his usual slow, deliberate step. The girl, her black eyes flashing, turned back.

"Because I happen occasionally to forget to ring a mechanical clock, does not mean that I am any less efficient in my work," she flared. "I can prove that I was on duty every one of those days until 1 o'clock. I earned that half-day's salary. The library has no right to deprive me of it." With head held high and eyes raging, she walked by the librarian and out into the hall. Glancing at her watch, she saw that it was five minutes after 1 o'clock. This was Monday, she remembered bitterly. The girl who had taken her place at the charging desk when she was called to the office would have been relieved by now. Not deigning, in her rebellion, to ring the clock, she went to her locker and took out her hat. She would not go to the college today. She would not do any of the accustomed things. The library, on which she had leaned for consolation, was not worthy of the extra study and energy, and thought and time, that she had been giving to it. She would go out into the open somewhere—anywhere just to be away from it and its hateful rules.

She did not know that Mr. Weston, realizing there must be something wrong with a regulation that offended his most earnest workers, was planning to install instead a system of fines that would reach only the habitually careless or pettily dishonest. She only knew that the library was in the wrong and that she was tired. Oh, so tired and alone!

Leaving the main thoroughfare, she walked slowly toward the southwest. Since her quarrel with Lester she had not seen the little cottage that they had selected together during those first happy, care-free days of their engagement, but somehow all of a sudden, she wanted to look at it again. It

was at the end of a street that for three long blocks sloped gently upward. There were no houses on the two lots next to it nor on the lot across the street. "It looks lonesome, too," she thought, and she wondered vaguely who owned it now. Coming up to it she saw that it was unoccupied and that there was a "For Rent" sign in the window. In the garden at one side was a man in a khaki suit and large felt sombrero. He was on his knees, with his back turned to her picking flowers. They were white blossoms—all one side of the yard was covered with them. She remembered, with a sigh, the day that she had planned just such a garden for herself and wondered if any of these flowers ever adorned the church at the corner as she had hoped that hers would.

A sudden desire to have one of those white flowers took possession of her. She walked up the path to where the man was bending over a particularly beautiful bunch.

"May I have one of those?" she asked.

Startled, he straightened up and looked around, removing his hat at the same time. The hat released a mop of bright-red hair.

"Lester!" There was no mistaking the joy in her voice.

"Lois!" There was no doubting the adoration in his.

Any misunderstanding between them was all over now. On the steps of the tiny house they sat down and talked over the year that had passed since their separation. She learned that he had been back from South America just one week.

"How did you happen to come out here to the little cottage?" she asked.

"I was picking white flowers for the altar of the church," he answered simply. "I had them planted before I left the city and my one injunction to the agent was that he should rent the house to no one who would not agree to take good care of them and let the ladies who decorate the altar of the church have as many as they wanted."

"Lester, you remembered!" she said softly.

His eyes twinkled, but he did not answer. Instead, he drew out a pocket note-book and a fountain pen. "Don't you think it might be a good plan to write Mr. Weston your resignation?" he asked. "No use delaying, you know."

## Hot Meals in the Mountain Tops.

[Manchester Guardian:] An Italian lieutenant, fighting in the Alps, describes in a letter to his family how the food for the troops is taken from the valleys to the camps in the high mountains. "At the beginning of the war," he says, "the Kaiser declared triumphantly that even in the firing line food will be distributed to the troops hot. The Kaiser had the air of one, announcing a miracle accomplished. Now, if the distribution of hot food in the firing line is a miracle, that miracle is accomplished twice a day by our men. Twice a day hot food is carried on the backs of mules—soup, meat, vegetables—in the 'cooking cases' designed by an Italian (though Germany was the first to adopt them.) You must imagine a huge pan of aluminum with a circular opening which can be closed hermetically by screws. This can is inclosed in a case lined with cork and cotton, and the food keeps hot for more than ten hours."

## Pointed Paragraphs.

It is useless to waste hints on narrow-minded people.

Blessed is the peacemaker, if he keeps at a safe distance.

It is almost as bad to say mean things as it is to do them.

A mere change of one vowel transforms a vocation into a vacation.

The less brains a man has the easier it is for him to lose his head.

Do we deserve the good opinion of those who do think well of us?

After an actress passes a certain age she has to make up for lost time—[Washington Star.]

## Time for Diplomacy.

[Judge:] Ted: She wrote asking to break the engagement, and I don't know what to do.

Ned: Send her a diplomatic reply that will keep the question open, and perhaps she'll change her mind.



## The Pure Food Artists. By F. F. Johnson.

### ON THE BORDER.

"FIFTEEN TWO, fifteen four, an—  
Brrrrrrrr! rang the telephone.  
"Darn that phone," Dickson added,  
as he rose from the card table to answer  
the bell's insistent call.

"Tell her you're out," laughed Nordham,  
leaning back from the table to roll a fresh  
cigarette. But the tiny wrinkles of good  
humor dancing about the outer corners of  
his eyes changed to deep, ugly wrinkles of  
care and serious thought as he began to  
catch the drift of the conversation over the  
phone.

"Yes, this is the customs house . . .  
Yes, this is Inspector Dickson speaking . . .  
Yes . . . Who? . . . Who  
did you say? . . . How many? . . .  
When?" The last question came as a shot,  
as Dickson's muscles tensed with de-  
sire to be moving. Nordham, watching,  
buckled on his cartridge belt, and gave his  
revolver and rifle a hasty but careful in-  
spection. Dickson continued to talk into  
the telephone. "Yes . . . All right . . .  
Who did you say this was? . . .  
Oh, thanks . . . Yes . . . Yes . . .  
See you later . . . Good-by." Dickson  
hung up the receiver and turned to his  
brother officer.

"It's Wentworth," he remarked in answer  
to the other's unspoken question. "A couple  
men and a couple of women have been mak-  
ing bi-weekly trips to this place in a big  
seven-passenger touring car; never use the  
same car on two successive trips. Got sus-  
picious and phoned just now. Just passed  
his place in a long, low, gray car. We can  
intercept 'em at National avenue."

"Good idea," replied Nordham. "Good  
thing I've got that old car of mine here.  
I'll have the engine ready by the time you  
get ready." He dashed out of the room.

In a few minutes the two officers were  
chugging away up the road in an old four-  
cylinder automobile of a somewhat prehis-  
toric vintage. When they reached the in-  
tersection of National avenue, Dickson climbed  
down to inspect the dust of the road.

"No machine passed here in the last three  
or four hours," he called to Nordham.

"We'll wait," Nordham backed his car  
behind a group of big eucalypti, killed the  
engine, put out the lights and waited. It  
was about 9 o'clock in the evening, the moon  
not yet up, and a heavy fog had settled  
over the land. "Blacker'n pitch," Dickson  
grumbled.

They had not waited long, however, be-  
fore they heard the whirr of a powerful  
machine approaching on a cross-road. Pres-  
ently it swung around a corner and onto  
National avenue, not a quarter of a mile  
below the officers. The driver evidently  
knew the road pretty well, for he was urging  
the big car along at about forty miles an  
hour.

Grabbing his rifle, Dickson stepped out  
into the middle of the road. He threw his  
coat open so the lights of the car would  
shine on his star, and held up his hand for  
the machine to stop. As the car drew near  
the officers, the chauffeur leaned forward  
and fumbled with the levers; the car slowed  
down, turned toward Dickson, then suddenly  
shot forward. Dickson tried to spring back  
and out of its way, but was just a bit too  
slow. The fender caught him and sent him  
spinning in the dust. Shouting back many  
taunts and gibes, in a joyously drunk man-  
ner, the chauffeur threw on all the power  
in the big car, and soon it and its occu-  
pants were swallowed up in the fog. Dick-  
son arose, grumbling, from the dust.

"Did you get the number?" he called to  
Nordham.

"Nope; all covered with dust and mud."

They hastened to Nordham's old car.  
Dickson turned on the lights while the other  
tried to crank the engine. Then he took the  
hood off and tinkered for some ten minutes  
with the cylinders. Presently the officers,  
in their efforts with the old car, were forced  
to fall back on the experiences of their  
early training. Dickson, who had been a  
sailor and longshoreman, exhausted his vo-  
cabulary and surrendered the floor to his  
brother officer, who had been a Nevada mule  
skinner and, at odd times, a cowpuncher,  
a miner, a lumber jack. They rested for  
a minute to recover breath, and then both  
talked to the engine at the same time, send-  
ing in a lurid flow from both flanks. Not

even a granite boulder could withstand all  
that vilification, and the engine was highly  
sensitive; its cylinders grew hot under the  
collar. Suddenly it kicked back viciously  
and then ran forward beautifully—on three  
cylinders. Deciding it was now no use to  
follow the big automobile, the officers re-  
turned to the custom house.

"Probably just some drunken joy riders,"  
Dickson remarked lamely five minutes later.  
"Maybe," Nordham answered in the same  
colorless tones.

A few days later, when they returned  
from a flying trip up the international line,  
the man in charge of the custom office  
handed them a letter. It was a brief  
censure from the department remarking  
merely that considerable quantities of opium  
were being brought into the United States,  
presumably through this territory. Nord-  
ham read it, and silently handed it to  
Dickson.

"Nice news," the office man remarked  
sympathetically. "It's up to you fellows.  
No dope has gotten by me. I haven't been  
taking any chances lately. Some roast,  
huh?"

"Uh-huh," Nordham slowly rolled a  
cigarette. An hour later he turned to Dick-  
son. "Let's go down to Wentworth's. He  
may know something more about that  
drunken bunch."

It was well after dark when they reached  
that gentleman's ranch. Wentworth came  
to the door of his little cabin in response to  
the officers' call. He was a short, heavy-  
set young man, strong featured, with mud-  
colored hair and gray eyes, eyes which,  
though soft, gave one the idea that here  
was a man with whom it would be best  
not to tamper.

"Come on in, boys," he called cheerfully;  
I'm just finishing supper." As they entered  
the little room he noticed that they were  
fully armed. "Gee," he added with a laugh,  
"you look as though you were out for trou-  
ble tonight. Better sit down for a bit and  
have a cup of coffee with me—it will be  
good for your nerves."

"Thanks. We need it." As they were  
sipping the hot coffee, Wentworth asked  
them: "What's up tonight, boys? Want  
my help?"

"Might. You remember when you called  
Dickson up about a week ago about a big,  
gray auto and four people?"

"Yep."  
"Well," said Nordham, "we couldn't stop  
'em—my machine wouldn't run and they  
got away. We didn't worry much about  
them, however, as they were acting like a  
bunch of drunken joyriders."

"Drunk!" Wentworth exclaimed. "Why,  
they were sober as judges when they passed  
here." Nordham and Dickson glanced at  
him sharply and then looked at each other.  
A great light dawned upon them.

"Huh," drawled Dickson, "they must've  
got beastly drunk in ten minutes."

"I wondered what was the matter. They  
passed here today noon, going down toward  
the beach road. I wondered if my sus-  
picions were unfounded, and you found they  
were O. K."

"Have they gone back yet?" Nordham  
snapped the question out.

"Don't think so. Haven't heard 'em.  
Generally go back about 8 o'clock." He  
glanced at a cheap alarm clock on a shelf.  
"They'll probably be going back in ten or  
fifteen minutes."

"Can we stop 'em?"

"Sure. You know the bend in the road  
just below my gate? That row of willows  
hides everything so they couldn't see you  
until they made the turn. Stretch a rope  
there and get 'em before they can turn."

"Got a rope?"

"Yep."

"Get it, quick," said Nordham. "You are  
hereby sworn in as a deputy—until this  
job's over."

The rope had hardly been stretched across  
the road when a high-powered automobile  
was heard approaching. A couple of min-  
utes later it swung around the road and  
came to an abrupt stop.

"Hands up!" The two inspectors and  
Wentworth stepped from the shadows. The  
chauffeur ducked low in his seat and threw  
on the reverse. In a flash the machine  
completed half the back turn, and was about  
to swing forward on its last lap down the

road, when Dickson leaped onto the running-  
board. He shoved his revolver into the  
chauffeur's ribs.

"Stop! I'm an officer!" One of the  
women started to spring at him, but was  
held by her companion.

"Stop," the companion ordered of the  
chauffeur. "Let them search us. We  
haven't got anything." Dickson hopped  
back to the ground.

"Step out, please," Nordham covered the  
group with his rifle, while Dickson and  
Wentworth hastily searched the men. Dick-  
son turned to the women. "You have noth-  
ing?"

"Oh, no," they replied in one breath.  
"Look in the machine. I'll watch 'em,"  
suggested Nordham.

"Dam!" muttered Dickson a few minutes  
later from the depths of the tonneau; "find  
anything, Wentworth?"

Wentworth slammed the lid of the tool  
box shut with a vicious snap and grunted,  
"No."

"Guess the joke's on us," Dickson re-  
marked. He turned around to step out of  
the machine, tripped on a rug and was  
thrown heavily against the cushion at the  
back of the machine. He struck something  
hard. "Huh, what was that?" He felt the  
cushion carefully.

"Gimme your big knife," he called to  
Wentworth. "This lining's been opened and  
tacked on again." He slashed away. "Ar-  
rest those people!" to Nordham, "for smug-  
gling," he pulled out a small, flat can, "for  
smuggling opium."

The next day the papers had long and  
glowing accounts of the wonderful and  
daring capture made by the customs in-  
spectors. Marietta, "the Opium Queen,"  
known over a thousand miles of border as  
the most slippery and resourceful of smug-  
glers, had at last fallen into the Federal  
clutches. She had been caught red-handed  
—with opium, \$1700 worth, concealed in  
the lining of the automobile.

The two inspectors were proud of their  
work. They strutted about all day, talking  
of nothing else. If a stranger would come  
by, one or the other of the inspectors would  
manage in some way to bring the matter  
up, and the story, with growing embellish-  
ments, would again be recounted.

Away late that evening, Nordham paused  
in the act of throwing a couple of cards  
into the kitty.

"Some drag, huh, Dick?" he said.

"Yep," Dickson answered five minutes  
later. "Fifteen two, fifteen four and three  
is seven. Lucky thing I slipped on that  
robe."

On the day of the trial of the alleged  
smugglers, the courtroom was fairly packed  
with curious onlookers. There were also a  
goodly number of reporters present. For  
Nordham and Dickson had many friends  
on the local papers, and had made most of  
the shining hour to extol their own virtues.  
By reflected glory in the press they hoped  
to attract honorable mention from "the de-  
partment."

People were interested in the case further,  
for the reason that Marietta had more than  
once before been within the grasp of the  
Federal officers, but each time had managed,  
by hook or crook, to slip herself free. Now,  
the Federal attorney, at a time of supreme  
complacency, had informed certain members  
of the press, on his own account, that he  
had the "dead" goods on her, and expected,  
with her conviction, to put an end to the  
most notorious and powerful smuggling  
ring that ever existed on the Mexican border.  
So the courtroom was packed with  
many interested onlookers.

The four defendants sat at a long table  
with their counsel, a Mr. Libby, an aggres-  
sive, clean-looking young fellow, with sharp,  
dancing eyes, and a great shock of tawny  
hair. Next to him, on his left, sat a beau-  
tiful, exquisitely dressed young woman of  
possibly twenty-five years of age. All eyes  
in the courtroom involuntarily turned to-  
ward her in open kindness and admiration,  
and adoringly watched every move she  
made. Their many conjectures as to her  
identity were suddenly turned to amaze-  
ment, as, answering the command of the  
court, she arose and entered her formal de-  
nial of the charge of smuggling opium into  
the United States. Straining their ears,

the audience heard the beautiful, dark-eyed  
divinity answer to the name of—Marietta!

After some little conversation between  
the court and Mr. Libby and the Federal  
attorney it was stipulated to try the cases  
against the four smugglers as one. A jury  
soon was chosen. Dickson was sworn in as  
the first witness for the prosecution.

"Your name?" asked the Federal attor-  
ney.

"James Dickson."

"You are a customs inspector, employed  
by the United States government?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now on duty at or near Tia Juana?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were on such duty at the time these  
defendants were arrested on the charge  
recited herein?" He handed Dickson a  
copy of the charge.

"Yes, sir."

"Tell the court and the jury what you  
know about that matter."

Dickson told how he had been warned;  
how they had failed at the first arrest; how  
they finally caught the smugglers and found  
the opium. As he came to the end of the  
story, Mr. Watters, the Federal attorney,  
sat for several minutes in a perplexed  
silence—for Libby had not made a single  
objection to any of the evidence. Watters  
picked up a small flat can from the pile on  
his table and handed it to the witness.

"Mr. Dickson, do you recognize this?"

"Yes, sir. That is a can of opium. I found  
it in the automobile."

"Take the witness," Watters told Libby.  
Libby asked but a few questions.

"You say you found opium in the auto-  
mobile?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this a can of it?" He held out the can  
Dickson had identified.

"Yes, sir."

"How can you identify this can as being  
the one you found in the automobile?"

"See those two little marks on the top?  
I made them for the purpose of identifying  
'em when the matter should come to court.  
Didn't want to take any chances with you."  
He laughed pleasantly at his little joke.

"Pretty thorough, aren't you, Mr. Dickson?  
Was all the stuff you found in the auto-  
mobile the same as this?"

"Yes, sir. All opium." He laughed again  
for he felt sure of his ground and his case.

"You will swear to it?"

"Yes, sir."

"That is all."

As Dickson left the witness stand, Wat-  
ters grabbed the can, and, feverish with ex-  
citement, opened it. He thought he smelled  
a rat. After examining the contents of the  
can very carefully he thrust it toward his  
assistant.

"Taste it." The assistant did so and  
grimaced. "What is it?"

"Opium."

"All right," growled Watters. Then turn-  
ing to the clerk of the court, he said, "Call  
Nordham."

Nordham and Wentworth testified prac-  
tically the same as Dickson. The attorney  
for the smugglers made no objections; in-  
stead he seemed to want the witnesses to tell  
everything they knew. Only he would com-  
pel them to identify the contraband, and to  
swear that all they found was the same.  
The prosecution rested its case.

While Libby held a long consultation  
with Marietta, Dickson went over to Nord-  
ham and gravely shook hands. But his eyes  
were twinkling; he looked supremely happy.  
"Some feathers in our caps, huh, Nordy,  
ol' man?"

"You bet," replied Nordham, happily, as  
he made room for his fellow-inspector to  
sit beside him. "We'll be gettin' recom-  
mends for promotion, huh, Dick?"

"You bet." They settled themselves com-  
fortably as Libby rose to his feet to ad-  
dress the court.

"Your Honor," Libby began, "we move  
that the information filed in these cases,  
and each of them be dismissed on the  
ground that the prosecution has failed to  
prove its case as charged." A snort of many  
mingled emotions interrupted him, and all  
eyes turned toward Dickson.

"Silence!" ordered the judge. The white-  
haired judge looked pityingly at young Lib-  
by, and looked kindly: "My boy, the evi-



# Exciting Events of the Days Before the Boer War.

By Gen. B. Viljoen (Late second in command of the Army of the Transvaal.)

## BLUFFING A KING.

THE peremptory order of the commander-in-chief to head an expedition to Swaziland was not taken by me as a compliment at the time. It had been recognized for some months that the recalcitrant and brutal King Bunu would have to be brought to judgment and his followers taught a lesson, but it had hardly occurred to me that I would be the one sent to do the job. Such expeditions as that to Swaziland were looked upon as the "dirty work" of the service.

Being a soldier, however, I had but one alternative—namely, to do as Gen. Piet Joubert commanded, and to obey without asking questions, at that. Consequently, I was on the march within twenty-four hours, or as soon as I could get the 1250 men assigned to me equipped and ready for the arduous and disagreeable undertaking ahead of us.

In 1895, the year in which the incidents I narrate took place, Swaziland was a native dependency under the protectorate of the Transvaal Republic, in which country's army I had the honor of serving from the days of my early manhood until the flag of the British usurper was raised over the tragic ruins of my beloved Fatherland. Bunu's domain actually lay along the northern border of the Transvaal, but it was fully 350 miles away from Pretoria and accessible only through the most primitive means of communication.

There were no railroads at all on the last leg of the journey and the roads used by wagons and carts to the edge of the region were barely passable, traversing, as they did, a desolate, mountainous country cut up by rivers and creel all of which had to be forded. Even had the forests appealed to a sense of appreciation in us, the hardships of the march were well calculated to keep us absorbed with our troubles.

The worst thing of all was the sickening tropical heat. That district around Bunu's so-called capital, Bremersdorp (our immediate destination) was known throughout South Africa as the "white man's graveyard," because of the prevalence of the terrible Delagoa fever, something we dreaded more than the Swazie warriors. Beyond Bremersdorp there was nothing but trails through this terrible land.

It was no small area over which the Swazie king held sway. Swaziland extended from Portuguese territory at Delagoa Bay on the east to Kosi Bay on the Atlantic Ocean, bordering both the Transvaal and Natal. It stretched from the Drakensberg mountains on the north to the Lebombo mountains on the south. Over this vast territory Bunu, although "ipso facto" ruler under the late Boer Republic, reigned practically unmolested until the sheer fendishness of his actions made his punishment in the name of outraged humanity ablutely necessary.

No ancient potentate ever boasted a power more absolute over the lives of his own subjects than did Bunu before his fall, and no autocrat ever exercised his power more brutally or cruelly. He worked his wicked will over more than 2,000,000 blacks, with none to hinder. It was when he began to make European traders and other white foreigners the victims of his savagery that the Boer government took a hand.

Bunu had taken over the throne at the age of twenty, upon the death of his father, Mpanda. Already a drunkard at the beginning of his reign, he let drink rob him of all judgment and sense. Cruel almost beyond belief of nature, he became under the influence of liquor a veritable devil. The victims of his unrestrained fury and passion were almost numberless at the time it was decided to punish him.

The specific reason for my expedition was the killing by Bunu of a number of white traders and the outraging of their wives and daughters by the black ape and some of his intimates. In the same drunken orgy the Swazie fiend ordered a number of women and girls of his own tribe to be cut open before his eyes that he might gratify a hellish curiosity he had evinced as to the construction of the human body. An aged counselor who attempted to protest the killing of a pregnant woman was tied by Bunu's order to a post and made



Bunu, his brothers and their wives.

the target for an assegai throwing contest participated in by himself and the other counselors. Every miss was rewarded by a stab in the back of the offender from the royal spear.

So outrageous was this last orgy that the Swazie king's own people laid the facts of the bloody crimes before the resident commissioner, Mr. Krogh, at Bremersdorp. Mr. Krogh himself barely escaped with his life when he remonstrated with Bunu, managing to slip away and reach Pretoria only through the secret help of some of the king's counselors. Summary punishment was the only recourse for the government of the Transvaal.

We had no sooner reached Bremersdorp than orders came from Pretoria to go into garrison and await the arrival of the commander-in-chief. This meant an indefinite exile of my men and myself in a fever-stricken region from which many of us were likely never to return even if we escaped death in combat with Bunu's men.

Meanwhile Bunu himself was viewing our forces with what must have been genuine apprehension from a vantage point in his mountain fastness near by. We knew the Swazies could plainly see every movement we made, for the forest-covered slopes that led to the king's mountain village on the far away heights came to the edge of the plain but a little way from our camp. The natives, in fact, made no particular effort to conceal themselves, being curious, as we found out afterward, to have a look at our artillery pieces, of which we had, with great difficulty, brought a number.

The day after our arrival a courier came to me from Bunu with the request that I pay him a visit the next morning at his village, thirty miles away. The messenger declared that Bunu wished to talk with me over serious matters. Thinking that Bunu was probably getting cold feet and that he wanted to come to some kind of terms with us before offering to stand trial for crimes, I agreed to go. Without notifying either the Resident Commissioner at Bremersdorp or my chief at Pretoria, I departed at midnight, accompanied by two officers, Kommandants David Joubert and Jan Kemp.

Guided by Bunu's courier, we traveled rapidly along dimly marked paths, climbing the foothill slopes and pressing our way through the brush until we reached the base of the mountain itself. We saw no one, excepting our guide, yet all the time I was conscious that the night was alive with stealthily-moving shapes on every side, for I knew the natives and their ways.

We reached the mountain proper at daybreak. From there on the journey was arduous in the extreme. So steep and rugged was the path that we had to lead our horses. At that we were slipping and sliding at almost every step.

Scarcely had we begun our climb when the Swazie guide suddenly looked back and exclaimed in his native tongue: "Nan-



Swazie women carrying water.

koe mulungu" (there comes another white man). We turned, and there almost at our heels was a young newspaper respondent who had accompanied our expedition to Bremersdorp. He was a young man named Leo Rogaly, a Jew, who had a reputation for being a clever and enterprising reporter. I had rather formed an attachment for him during the progress of the expedition, but I was put out beyond measure to see him at that particular moment.

He had followed us all night, knowing that if his presence had been desired, I would have asked him along, and fearing to approach us sooner because of the likelihood that I would send him back. By this time we were over twenty miles from camp and to turn him away was out of the question. The country was in open revolt and I wondered how Rogaly had escaped being speared as he lagged behind us in the inky blackness. I told our reporter friend of the desperate chances we were taking and upbraided him for being such a fool.

Our guide materialized a Swazie warrior out of the apparently uninhabited brush and dispatched him with a message to the King, advising him of our coming. This we did not like at all.

By nine o'clock we were at the summit of the mountain and in the king's own bailiwick, so to speak. We had imagined that we had some idea of the physical appearance of the crest, having studied it carefully through powerful field glasses from more than one point of vantage. The scene as it revealed itself before us, however, was a complete surprise to my companions and myself.

Bunu's royal premises stretched out before us as a gigantic basin in the blunt top of the mountain. Here was undoubtedly the crater of some ancient volcano. The vast forest that filled the depression showed how ancient had been the last eruption. Numberless mountain streams flowed in and out of a l through the whole area, for here was the origin of many of the rivers flowing seaward through Swaziland.

We had halted at the edge of the forest

by an outpost composed of hundreds of Bunu's men. The black in command ordered us to leave our arms and horses and proceed unarmed. I objected explaining that we were there by invitation of the King and not to be considered as intruders.

"Indeed," came back the rejoinder, "if you are not intruders, what seek you in Swaziland?" Grunts of approval came from his followers. I had, I must confess, been rather nervous from the time we had caught sight of the formidable aggregation, and now I felt the cold chills creeping up and down my back. The pale faces of my companions showed that they were similarly affected.

We were in no position to argue the question of the arms and the horses, hence there was nothing to do but yield and wait for what was to come. The leader of the natives, a huge black buck with protruding bloodshot eyes, put a cow horn to his mouth and blew a long, blaring signal. There was an immediate chorus of response from a hundred similar bugles.

Surrounded by an army of Swazies, overloaded with armament of every kind from spears to modern rifles, we were ordered to walk on. The warriors in our huge escort were filled with a glee that was all too evident. The Kommandants and I exchanged a few words in Dutch and decided without a dissenting voice that there was nothing to do but see the thing through. No other decision would have availed us in the least, and we knew it.

Rogaly, the newspaper reporter, created some diversion by crowding as close as he could get to the leader and explaining over and over again to that entirely unmoved individual that he was a British subject and a civilian and hence not to be treated as a member of the expedition. I did the interpreting. At first the big black was amused at Rogaly's excited pleas and gesticulations, but when the unfortunate journalist began telling what the imperial government of Great Britain would do to the Swazies if he, a subject of the Queen, were harmed, there was a wicked gleam in the native's eyes.



## THE MOON MAN.

But he remained unmoved through these

Haste to pursue his blonde vision whither she might lead caused Frisco Phil to scorn all inducements offered at El Paso to interrupt his transcontinental trip by enlisting in the perpetual Mexican war. He found a convenient, unoccupied, unsealed cattle car in which he rode away to the West, expectantly to be chased out at the first siding. When the siding was reached the freight train entered it to allow a west-bound limited to pass. Imperturbably the tramp retained his seat in the open side door of the car and watched the fast train pass. The observation platform form at its rear end came in view and Phil recognized sitting there his vision. The recognition was mutual, and so enthusiastically

Turning to walk down the beach, the girl's eyes were caught by the compelling stare of the hobo. Without embarrassment she turned her steps in his direction. Frisco Phil scrambled hastily to his feet and with awkward movement but good

"That's my idea, dad. Now, first of all I require sound financial backing."

"I get you son. I'll provide car fare until you land a job."



THE preliminary order of the command-  
der-in-chief to head an expedition to  
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BLUFFING A KING.

# Exciting Events of the Days Before the Boer War.

By Gen. B. Viljoen (Late second in command of the Army of the Transvaal)

Saturday, October 16, 1915.

My own heart beat fast and hard against my ribs as the King and some of his counsellors walked slowly toward us. I looked into the faces of my Kommandants and saw nothing but despair. "God Almighty!" ejaculated Kemp in English, echoing Rogaly's own exclamation. "The treacherous curse!" muttered Joubert in Dutch.

We three Boer friends knew, as our Jewish friend knew not, that the crisis was at hand. Raised among the Kaffirs and knowing their language as we did, we knew that the situation was about as tense as anything could well be. A wave of the hand and the single word "Bulala!" (kill) from Bunu himself and we would be murdered in the most fendish way these black devils could conceive.

All around us they were splitting the air with their cry of "Kill! Kill!" One particularly bitter old warrior of the guard itself came close and spat deliberately upon one of us at a time. That started an even more hideous and deafening yell.

The Swazie King came to within a dozen feet of us and sat down upon a mat that was spread out for him. What I remember the most vividly of that brutal, besotted countenance was the horrible redness of his eyes. Alcohol had done its work with the autocrat of the Swazies—that much could be seen at a glance.

The King spoke in guttural tones to a "sibonda," or courtier, and the latter at once came over to us. The lane of warriors narrowed down to a path through which we had to walk single file at the beckoning of the guide. We were literally squeezed in between two walls of bare strong-smelling bodies. It was a relief to step out in the open circle around Bunu.

The King, as we stood before him, was engaged in conversation with one of his counsellors. He ignored us for several minutes, while all around us the natives whispered and pointed and grimaced, waiting the royal word to tear us to shreds. Bunu finally turned his booze-saturated face toward us and demanded to know which of us was commander of the Boer expedition. The "sibonda" pointed me out and the King stuck out his hand, which I shook. I think rather eagerly, considering the feeling of revulsion his majesty inspired within me. There was my opening.

"You have sent a messenger to ask me here for a conference," I said as sternly as I could. "You have permitted your men to insult me and my companions. We are tired of such treatment. If you have brought us here to betray us, let me tell you right now that you and your whole people will pay for it dearly before the day is over. My cannon are within range of where you sit at this moment. If my officers and myself are not back at the foot of the mountain by 4 o'clock, shells will destroy every hut in this camp before dark and my men will hunt you and your warriors to the ends of Africa."

I had told my companions to keep a stiff neck and let me do the talking, and now I was doing it. The two officers looked at me as though they could scarcely believe their ears, but they both knew that I was taking the only step that offered any chance of escape. Years after, when we were fighting our desperate but hopeless battle against the British Empire, I bethought me many a time of that miraculously long-ranged artillery with which I had so impressed Bunu and wished that I had some of it.

It was a brave-sounding speech I made at that critical moment when the Swazie King was pondering our fate, but I am convinced that it saved our lives. Things looked tough for a moment, however. The mob of blacks did not seem to grasp my meaning at first, but when those in front had explained it to others farther back all the hate of the natives broke forth in a curdling yell. Then followed a melee that resembled a football rush, with the guards pushing back against the crowd and dozens of warriors trying to reach us with their spears.

The King jumped to his feet and ordered the crowd to stand back, and none too soon, for even as he spoke assegais, aimed as well as the infuriated warriors could aim them through the writhing circle of Swazies, were flying at us. One of them scraped my shoulder and poor Rogaly had an even narrower escape. Kemp and Joubert grabbing him simultaneously and throwing him to the ground just in time to get out of line of a vicious thrust from the rear.

Bunu seemed impressed by my bold and threatening speech, but he was so evidently under the influence of liquor that it was hard to tell just what he was thinking. I knew the Abantu race and its characteristics

very thoroughly, but it is hard to also see the side of him when he has been drunk with drink. I fully expected to hear the order to kill from the King's lips, for I feared that although Bunu was, like all murderers, a coward, he was just drunk enough to be incapable of judgment. His very hesitation was encouraging.

I tried a new tack. Turning to a few of the older counsellors, I addressed them as follows: "Can you not order your men to fall back? The King wishes to speak personally to his invited guests. I am an officer called here on matters of great importance. It is an outrage that we should be treated so."

A grizzled old sibonda jumped to his feet and roared at the crowd to stand back. Then he told us to sit down again. "Your majesty," he said, bowing deeply, "these white men have come here at your request. What is your pleasure?"

Bunu stretched himself out on the mat and with a yawn told us to come closer and shake hands again. "Have you eaten today?" he asked.

"Where should we find food with your men driving us like cattle ever since daylight?" I replied. As the King pondered over this Rogaly pushed his way to the side.

"Are they going to eat us stewed or baked," he asked with a return to facetiousness. The King could not have given him a more wicked and threatening look had he understood every word. The newspaperman subsided, to be cursed roundly an instant later by the Kommandants.

Bunu arose suddenly and walked off toward his hut, followed by his grave-demeanored counsellors. What we naturally expected was that he would order food and the customary Kaffir beer, and return. Instead he disappeared into the royal quarters and left us to the mob of Swazies, whose rage and frenzy seemed to revive at once. Again I expected immediate death to all of us.

The guards made something more than a pretense of protecting us, and probably were the means of saving us. Rogaly attempted a conversation in sign language of his own with a near-by warrior. The latter, instead of replying in kind, grabbed the newspaper correspondent's watch, along with its rather gorgeous chain, and walked off. Another warrior stepped forward and took his knife out of his pocket. Again the air of joking unconcern vanished from the countenance of our irrepressible journalist.

The incident seemed to greatly amuse all the blacks, who from being merely enraged became, in an all too serious way, boisterous. One big fellow started the fun by jabbing Rogaly with his assegai. Another prodded Kemp. My turn and Joubert's came simultaneously. They poked us from all sides, each warrior waiting until his victim's attention was engaged in another direction. They kept this up for several moments, although I succeeded by threatening them in their own language, in keeping them somewhat in check.

Several times the cry of "Inshabe!" (Stab him!) was taken up, and I marvel to this day that I was not killed when I suddenly seized by the wrist a young Swazie who had amused himself by prodding Rogaly's legs until the blood ran down over his shoes. This young buck had been particularly obstreperous from the beginning and I proceeded to throw him violently to the ground and to wrest his spear from his hand.

The crowd threatened and raged more than ever at this, but it was evident that all of them, including the guards, were impressed. I knew well enough the chances I was taking, but I knew my Kaffir, indeed knew him as God made him and intended him to be treated. It was either a question of doing something desperate or of submitting to the goading we were getting until some warrior more bold or reckless than the rest, should make up his mind to spit one of us with his spear.

Before they could make up their minds to rush us Bunu emerged from his hut and shouted, "Hisapa abantu!" (Bring them here!) At that there went up another loud shout. The natives evidently thought that Bunu himself was going to do the butchering in his own tent.

We were walked to the King's hut and told to enter. The African palace had no windows, the only light coming in from the door itself. The floor was of mud strewn with mats. The odor of the place was rank and suffocating.

Bunu and about fifty of his counsellors squatted in a circle around the baked-mud fireplace. On the floor among them were several gourds of Kaffir beer and numberless

bottles of whiskey and brandy. Several of these gentlemen, of the King's household, as well as the royal lord himself, were, what in the familiar language of this day we would call, "stewed."

The main exhibit of this royal chamber, however, was a spectacular display of weapons of war in the center of the hut. Toward this collection the eyes of Bunu and his men were turned from the moment we entered, as though it were their intention that we, following instinctively the line of their gazing, should observe without fail the Swazie armory and be impressed. We shouldn't have missed seeing the display even without this suggestive direction of our attention to it, for it occupied a large space right in the "spot-light," so to speak, which is to say, right in front of the open doorway.

In this collection there were stacked probably 500 rifles, representing many vintages, from muzzle-loaders to trim repeaters. At least a hundred revolvers and pistols of various kinds were strewn carelessly around the base of this awe-inspiring stack. Bayonets were stuck in the ground wherever there was a chink for them. I was sure that the whole array had been assembled during Bunu's rather long neglect of us.

I know that the exhibit was designed and intended to inspire us with the realization of Bunu's military preparation and with the knowledge came a ray of hope. I reasoned that if it were intended that the Boer government should be impressed with this exhibit of prowess it naturally followed that the Swazie King planned to let one of us at least go back to tell about what we had seen. That meant swift and certain revenge for anything that might happen to the rest of us, anyhow. This degree of reassurance did not, however, serve to still the thumping of my heart.

Bunu directed us with a wave of his hand to sit near him. The King had evidently had earnest words with his counsellors, for his attitude was apparently both mollified and conciliatory. "I have no intention of letting those dogs kill either of you or your friends," he said. "What I wanted to ask was that you guarantee my safety in case I should go to Bremersdorp to meet the Commissioner."

All eyes were turned on me to see the effect of this plea. Before I had time even to frame a reply the King went on with an elaborate defense of himself and his people. He avowed that he had done no wrong and that all reports to the contrary were lies. I was astonished at his fluency of words, for outside he had seemed not only dazed with drink, but stupid by nature. As he talked away he was constantly joined by different counsellors, who added embellishments.

I listened for half an hour to this kind of haranguing and had ample time in which to plan my reply. This was brief and to the point. I told Bunu in substance that I had no authority to give any other assurance than that he would be given a fair deal. Then there happened the most astonishing incident of all.

Bunu, seeing my reluctance to promise anything, brought forth from a chest behind him a dozen leather bags filled with gold and silver coins. These he offered me. If I would leave an officer as hostage to guarantee that he would not be punished if he accompanied us to the office of the Commissioner. When I declined he offered to pay any price I might name for my guarantee, even without the hostage. Again I refused.

The next moment was for us a perilous one. The Swazie King appeared to lose all control of himself. Leaping to his feet, he lunged to the stack of rifles and seized a wicked-looking, big-bored repeater. Flourishing the weapon in front of our faces he proceeded to tell us in rapid excited words what his men would do to us in case of war. Once he placed the gun almost against my head. The counsellors remonstrated vigorously with him and one old black prevailed upon him to sit down again.

There was a long session of jabbering and whispering and then the King told us that we might go upon my promise that we would not reveal anything we had seen of his camp, his men or himself, and that I would befriend him when he came to Bremersdorp the next day. This much I thought it best to agree to, as the demonstration with his rifle had suggested certain new and rather horrible possibilities. Bunu then offered to us his gourd of beer, which we drank greedily, our hosts having overlooked the amenities of hospitality to the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-ONE.)



## Traveling with a Vision. By Bob Foote.

## Good Short Stories

Compiled for the Times.

Brief Anecdotes Gathered  
From Many Sources.

## A Cat or a Father?

IN HIS "Life of Thomas B. Reed," Mr. Samuel W. McCall tells this story about the former Speaker, who was an unusually large man:

When his daughter Katherine, or "Kitty," as he called her, was a little girl, she had a cat to which she was much devoted. One day the kitten was sleeping in Reed's chair when he was about to sit down. His daughter, in horror, gave the chair a sudden pull to save the cat from annihilation, and as a result Mr. Reed sat down heavily on the floor. It was a rather serious happening for a man of his size, and even a lesser man might easily have lost his temper. But the only notice he gave of the matter was to say gravely, after he had got on his feet, "Kitty, remember that it is easier to get another cat than another father."

## The Story of a Long Name.

A NORTHERN man who was visiting in Baltimore stopped on the street one day to have his shoes polished. A bright-eyed little black boy stepped forward to give the desired shine. Becoming interested in this little chap, the northerner asked his name, to which the boy promptly replied:

"Gen, sah."

After a few moments of silence, the northerner continued, "I suppose that is an abbreviation for General?"

The word "abbreviation" gave the little fellow pause; however, he was equal to the occasion, and recovered himself. "No, sah," he said, "taint 'xactly dat; ma shore-nough name am 'Genesis xxx, 33. So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come Washington Carter," but day jest call me Gen for short."—[Youth's Companion.

## Stuck to Her Story.

THE judge looked at the prisoner and said: "See here, madam, weren't you here before me five years ago, and didn't you tell me then that you were 30 years old? Now you tell me again you are 30 years old."

The woman said that was so, and the judge asked her what she meant by coming before him and telling him an untruth.

The woman replied: "Well, you see, your honor, I'm one of that kind of women who do not believe in saying one thing once and another thing another time."—[Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## Suspicious Confirmed.

SILENCE in the kitchen was always to be regarded with mistrust—when little Laura was there. Her mother had learned this from long experience, and Laura was in the kitchen now—ominously silent.

Hence the voice from the adjoining pantry:

"What are you doing, dearie?"

"Nuffin, mother," answered Laura.

"But you must be doing something?"

"No, I isn't."

"Are you sure?" answered the mother, still busy with her cups and saucers.

"Well, I isn't doing much."

A moment's pause.

"I'm only dving hatpins into the soap with your new silver milk jug."—[Exchange.

## Carried It Through.

A TEACHER in a rural school in Massachusetts was one day explaining to her class the degrees of comparison of adjectives. To make sure she was understood, she called on each pupil in turn to give comparatives and superlatives of adjectives which she named, and got good answers until she asked one little fellow to name the comparative degree of "sick."

After thinking a moment he said, "worse."

The answer puzzled the teacher, because, although it was not the one she wanted, the pupil had given a comparative. She decided she could best show him his error by letting him go on, and asked sweetly, "Well, if 'worse' is the comparative of 'sick,' what would you give as the superlative?"

"Dead," came the answer, without a moment's hesitation.—[New York Times.

## Brown Didn't Fall Dead.

WHILE making an address the other night, Senator Porter T. McCumber of North Dakota remarked on how easily some people can slide through an embarrassing situation, and told this story as an example:

Some time ago a party named Brown had an appointment with a man in a distant city, and when the business was transacted he was urged to accompany the other to a reception. Brown consented.

"Say, Jim," he remarked on reaching the house where the reception was held, and glancing around the room, "who is that painted party stacked up against the papier-mache palm who looks like a cross between an Egyptian mummy and a circus clown?"

"That," replied Jim, with a rapidly chilling expression, "is my wife."

"Gee, Jim!" was the unabashed rejoinder of Brown, "I went straight to headquarters for information, didn't I?"—[Philadelphia Ledger.

## A Wise Doctor.

SPEAKING of great diagnosticians the other afternoon, Congressman Charles A. Kennedy of Iowa said that it was a wise doctor who could size up the patient as well as the ailment, and told this story to illustrate his remark:

Some time ago Brown began to feel a little under the weather and a physician was summoned. A few days later a friend called to see how the patient was getting along.

"Sorry to see you panned up, old boy," remarked the caller, sympathetically. "What seems to be the trouble?"

"Just run down a bit," answered the patient. "The doctor says I'll be all right in a short time."

"I see," thoughtfully returned the visitor. "I understand the doctor told you to take plenty of fresh air."

"Yes," smiled the patient. "He knew it was the only kind of medicine that I could afford to get."—[Philadelphia Ledger.

## Wily Mother.

A MOTHER in Newcastle, England, sent her little boy on an errand, and said:

"Now Harry, go to Smith, the grocer in Northumberland street, and get a pound of the best treacle," and she handed the young hopeful a couple of jugs. When the boy had gone, the vicar's wife said:

"You didn't tell him to get anything in the other jug. Is he going to leave it at the shop?"

"No, ma'am; he's gannin' to bring it back here agyne."

"But why send two jugs to get a pound of treacle?"

"Well, ye see, it's this way: If he hes a jug in each hand, he canno gan dippin' his fingers in the treacle and eatin' it up as he cums hyme."—[London Tit Bits.

## Reason for Industry.

"YOU have turned very industrious lately, Tim," said one Tipperary man to another.

"That I have, bedad," replied the other.

"I was up before the magistrate last week for assaulting Cassidy, and the magistrate said that if I came back on the same charge he would fine me £2."

"Did he?" said the first speaker. "And you're working hard so as to keep your hands off Cassidy?"

"Don't you believe it," said the industrious man. "I'm working hard to save up the 40 shillings."—[Tit-Bits.

## A Wedding Blunder.

SENATOR NEWLANDS said at a June wedding in Reno:

"No greater blunder was ever made at a wedding than one which I witnessed last year when a man rose in great great excitement and, holding a glass high in the air, shouted:

"The health of the groom! May he live to see many days like this!"—[Philadelphia Bulletin.

## On the Water Wagon.

THE alfalfa delegate was paying his first visit to a city of any size. Standing on the sidewalk he chanced to see a sprinkling cart coming down the street, and no sooner had he set his eyes on the thing than he began to laugh like the boy at a minstrel show.

"Say, old pal," he remarked hilariously, punching a cop in the ribs, "don't that just beat all?"

"Don't what beat all?" responded the wondering cop. "What's the joke?"

"Just look at that feller on that wagon!" replied the alfalfa party, pointing to the sprinkler. "That durned chump won't have a drop of water left by the time he gets home!"—[Philadelphia Telegraph.

## A Common Kind of Desert.

A FOND mother was assisting the little boy the other evening in the mastery of his geography lesson, and coming to the description of a desert, which formed part of the lesson to be memorized, she quoted the words of the text-book to the effect that it was "a barren tract."

The little fellow repeated the phrase after her, but his air of mystification showed that he hadn't the slightest idea of the meaning conveyed by the group of words, and the better to reach his understanding, she endeavored to simplify the description by defining it as "a place where nothing would grow."

The boy's face brightened with the light of awakened intelligence, and the mother, proud and expectant, put the question:

"Now, Johnny, what is a desert?"

Prompt came the response:

"Pa's bald head."—[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## His Useful Head.

A WASHINGTON man has in his employ a faithful but at times stupid servant in the person of an old darky named Zeke.

Recently, when the employer had vainly endeavored to get something done in a certain way, he gave up in despair, exclaiming:

"Zeke! Zeke! What do you think your head is for?"

Zeke, who evidently thought that this was another of the troublesome questions that his employer was always asking, pondered it deeply. Finally he replied:

"Well, boss, I guess it's to keep my collar on."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Shep Set Him Right.

A SNOBBISH young Englishman visiting Washington's home at Mt. Vernon was so patronizing as to arouse the wrath of guards and caretakers; but it remained for "Shep" Wright, an aged gardener and one of the first scouts of the Confederate Army, to settle the gentleman. Approaching "Shep," the Englishman said:

"Ah—er—my man, the hedge! Yes, I see, George got his hedge from dear old England."

"Reckon he did," replied "Shep." "He got this whole blooming country from England."—[Chicago News.

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## The Other Way Round.

WHILE out for a walk, Pat and Mike saw an animal in a tree.

"Sure, now," said Pat, "I niver saw a rabbit up a tree before."

"That's no rabbit!" replied Mike.

"Faith, thin, and I'll show ye as it is," replied Pat indignantly, as he started to climb the tree.

But that animal was a small and very fierce wildcat, and presently there came to Mike's ears sounds of a wild combat and shouts for help.

"Pat, Pat!" he called out, "shall I come up an' hilp ye catch the beast?"

Above the crash of breaking branches came a hollow voice, which said:

"Faith, no; but for hiven's sake come up an' hilp me to let him go!"—[London Answers.

## Hard to Fill.

"MISTER JEDGE," said the old colored citizen, who came into the justice's court leading a small negro by the coat collar, "Mister Jedge, wish you'd please, suh, give dis boy ten years whar de State'll furnish de vittles for him."

"What do you mean?" asked the astonished justice. "What has he been doing?" "Eatin' me out er house en home, suh," was the reply, "wid dat appetite er his. Why, Jedge, de appetite er de whale dat swallowed Jonah couldn't hol' a candle to dat boy's eating arrangements. Fer de Lawd's sake, Jedge, let de State feed him a while, so's de yuther chillun kin pick up en enjoy life."—[Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## The Water Cure.

A SWEDISH farmer, who lived on his wheat farm in Minnesota, was taken ill, and his wife telephoned the doctor.

"If you have a thermometer," answered the physician, "take his temperature. I'll be out and see him presently."

An hour or so later, when the doctor drove up, the woman met him at the door.

"How is he?" asked the doctor.

"Vell," said she, "I ban put the barometer on him like you tell me, and it say 'Very dry,' so I give him a pitcher of vater to drink, and now he ban gone back to vork."—[Springfield Republican.

## All that Was Left.

A NEGRO died without medical attendance, and the coroner went to investigate.

"Did Samuel Williams live here?" he asked the weeping woman who answered the door.

"Yussah," she replied between sobs.

"May I see the remains?" asked the coroner.

"I is de remains," she answered proudly.

—[Exchange.

## Bibleless, Not Bibulous.

A MASSACHUSETTS minister was making his first visit to Kentucky several years ago. He had spent the night in a small mountain town where feuds and moonshine still abounded. Engaging in conversation with one of the natives, he said:

"My friend, this is a very bibulous State, I hear."

"Lord!" replied the man; "there ain't twenty-five Bibles in all Kentucky."—[Unidentified.

## Just What He Preached.

A YOUNG preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of almost everything else. A well-known bishop happened to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the bishop, starting up in assumed terror; "pray what might that be?"

"Sit down, bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D— practicing what he preaches."—[Chicago News.

## Advertising Versus Praying.

THE small daughter of a Little Rock family had been praying each evening at bedtime for a baby sister.

The other morning her mother, reading the paper, exclaimed: "I see Mrs. Smith has a little daughter."

"How do you know that?" asked the child.

"I read it in the paper," answered the mother.

"Read it to me," said the daughter.

The mother read: "Born—on March—, to Mr. and Mrs. — Smith, a daughter."

The child thought a moment, then said: "I know what I'm going to do. I'm going to quit praying and begin advertising."

—[National Monthly.



